

Vol 5  
**APRIL.**

NUMBERS 102 TO 105.

1861.

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

SHAKESPEARE.

---

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY

**CHARLES DICKENS.**

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

---

**PART 24.**

---

LONDON: 26, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.;

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY, W

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSMEN.

**Price Ninepence.**

## CONTENTS OF PART XXIV.

### No. CII.

	PAGE
Great Expectations.....	25
Chapter XXX.....	25
Chapter XXXI.....	28
Easter in Russia .....	30
Christian, the Dol Hertzog .....	36
An Unexamined Witness in the Great Marriage Case .....	37
American Street Railroads .....	40
The Sick Pauper .....	44
Thomas Turner's Back Parlour .....	45

### No. CIII.

Great Expectations.....	49
Chapter XXXII.....	49
Chapter XXXIII.....	51
Arctic and Antarctic Lands .....	54
Mohammed.....	50
In Peril Underground .....	61
Robinson and Crusoe's Island.....	64
Election-Time in America .....	67

### No. CIV.

	PAGE
Great Expectations.....	73
Chapter XXXIV.....	73
Chapter XXXV.....	75
Agricultural Exhibition in Virginia .....	78
Guests at the Great Inn .....	82
The Queen of the Blue Stockings .....	82
Boyle's Point of View.....	87
Memoirs of an Adopted Son.....	90
Chapter I.....	90
Chapter II.....	91
Chapter III.....	93
Chapter IV.....	95

### No. CV.

Great Expectations.....	97
Chapter XXXVI.....	97
Chapter XXXVII.....	99
Under the Golden Feet .....	102
My Holiday.....	107
Fire in a Coal-Mine.....	107
Marine Meteorology .....	110
The Hyde Park Preachings .....	117

# HEAL AND SON'S

## NEW

# ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

CONTAINS DESIGNS AND PRICES OF 150 DIFFERENT ARTICLES  
OF BED-ROOM FURNITURE AS WELL AS OF 100  
BEDSTEADS AND PRICES OF EVERY  
DESCRIPTION OF BEDDING

## SENT FREE BY POST

HEAL AND SON  
BEDSTEAD BEDDING AND BED-ROOM  
FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS  
195 TOTTENHAM COURT RD  
LONDON



A  
t

M

T  
I  
D  
I  
T  
E



# ALL THE YEAR ROUND ADVERTISER.

The circulation of Advertisements in the Monthly Part of ALL THE YEAR ROUND cannot be guaranteed beyond thirty thousand copies: it being impossible, when the Parts are reprinted, to continue the Advertisements in such additional copies.

**NEW EDITION  
JUST  
PUBLISHED.**

**GABRIEL  
ON THE TEETH.**

**POST FREE  
THREE  
STAMPS.**

**A TREATISE** explanatory of GABRIEL'S System of supplying ARTIFICIAL TEETH.—  
Effectual for Mastication and Articulation (even when all others fail) without Springs, Wires, or any metal, and without Extracting Teeth or Stumps. None but first-class materials and workmanship employed, and are supplied at less than *half the ordinary cost*. Only by Messrs. GABRIEL, Dentists to the Prince d'Orléans. Established 1815. See Diploma.

27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE;

33 and 34, LUDGATE HILL, CITY.

134, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL; and 65, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

American Mineral Teeth best in Europe, from Four to Seven and Ten Guineas a Set.

"Gabriel's System is a great improvement upon the old method, their Treatise should be read by all who value health."—*Morning Herald*.

**REFORM YOUR TAILORS BILLS!!**

**DOUDNEY & SONS'**

*RIDING HABITS 4.4.0. FOOTMAN'S SUIT 3.3.0.*

17, OLD BOND ST. 25, BURLINGTON ARCADE

49, LOMBARD ST. ESTAB<sup>d</sup> 1784.

## MAPPIN'S CUTLERY & ELECTRO SILVER PLATE.

### MAPPIN BROTHERS'

LONDON ESTABLISHMENT IS AT LONDON BRIDGE,

ESTABLISHED IN SHEFFIELD, A.D. 1810.

All their manufactures are stamped with their corporate mark, "The Sun," granted to their father by the Cutler's Company of Sheffield, June 26, 1835. MAPPIN BROTHERS are Cutlers by Special Appointment to the Emperor Napoleon III.



### MAPPINS' TABLE CUTLERY.



	Ordinary Quality.			Medium Quality.			Best Quality.				
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
Two Dozen Full-size Table Knives, with Ivory Handles .....	2	4	0	...	3	0	0	...	4	12	0
One-and-a-half Dozen Full-size Cheese ditto.....	1	4	0	...	1	14	6	...	2	11	0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers .....	0	7	6	...	0	11	0	...	0	15	6
One Pair Extra Size ditto .....	0	8	6	...	0	12	0	...	0	16	6
One Pair Poultry Carvers .....	0	7	6	...	0	11	0	...	0	15	6
One Steel for Sharpening .....	0	3	0	...	0	4	0	...	...	6	0
Complete Service .....	£4	14	6	...	£6	18	6	...	£9	16	6

### ELECTRO-SILVER SPOONS AND FORKS.

MAPPIN BROTHERS guarantee on all their manufactures in Electro-Silver Plate a strong deposit of real Silver, according to the price charged.

	"Fiddle."		"Threaded."		"Kings."		"Lily."
	Medium Plating.	Plated extra strong.	Medium Plating.	Plated extra strong.	Medium Plating.	Plated extra strong.	Plated extra strong.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Spoons, full size, per doz. ....	34 0	43 0	54 0	70 0	60 0	78 0	72 0
Do. Forks .....	36 0	45 0	54 0	70 0	60 0	78 0	72 0
Dessert Spoons .....	27 0	38 0	40 0	50 0	44 0	54 0	54 0
Do. Forks .....	27 0	38 0	40 0	50 0	44 0	54 0	54 0
Tea Spoons .....	16 0	20 0	24 0	32 0	27 0	36 0	36 0

ESTIMATES FURNISHED FOR SERVICES OF PLATE FOR HOTELS, STEAM-SHIPS, & REGIMENTAL MESSES.  
A Costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, free by Post.

### MAPPIN BROTHERS,

67 AND 68, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE.  
MANUFACTORY, QUEEN'S CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

All Orders from Abroad must be accompanied by a Banker's Draft, or an Order for payment in England

## SECOND EDITION.

ONE SHILLING.

## THE THAMES ANGLER.

BY ARTHUR SMITH.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

## ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

NOW READY,

CLOTH CASES, for BINDING the VOLUMES, Price One Shilling each.

At the Office, 26, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C.; and of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

**F**or FAMILY ARMS—Send Name and County to the Royal Heraldic Studio and Library; in a few days you will receive a Correct Copy of your Armorial Bearings. Plain Sketch, 3s.; in Heraldic Colours, with written description, 6s.; Large Size, 12s. Family Pedigrees, with original grant of Arms, to whom and when granted, the origin of the name, all traced from authentic records, fee Two Guineas. An Index, containing the names of nearly all Persons entitled to use Arms, as extracted from the British Museum, Tower of London, Herald's College, &c., &c. The Manual of Heraldry, 400 Engravings, 3s. 6d. post free.—By T. CULLETON, Genealogist, Lecturer on Heraldry, at the Mechanics' Institute, 25, Cranbourn Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C. The Heraldic Colours for Servants' Liveries, 5s.

**A** RMS, CRESTS, &c. Engraved in the Best Style. Crest on Seals or Rings, 7s. On Steel Die, 4s. Initials, 1s. 6d. per Letter, Book Plate, Engraved with Arms, 10s.; or Crest 5s. Postage and Registered Letter, 1s. extra. T. CULLETON, Heraldic Engraver by Appointment to the Queen, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

**S**OLID GOLD RING (18 Carat, Hall Marked), Engraved with Crest, 42s.; Large Size, for Arms, 75s. On receipt of P.O. order the sizes will be sent to select from. T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

**S**TAMP YOUR OWN PAPER with Arms, Crest, Initials, or Name and Address, by means of CULLETON'S PATENT EMBOSSEING PRESS, 15s.; Best Make, 21s. Any person can use them. T. CULLETON, Die Sinker to the Board of Trade, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

**W**EDDING CARDS—For Lady & Gentleman—50 Each. 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name Printed Inside, 13s. Visiting Cards—A Copper Plate Engraved in any Style, with Name and 50 Cards, Printed for 2s., post free.—N.B. All Orders executed by return of post, for Stamps or Cash.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver and Die Sinker, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

**T**HE PEN SUPERSEDED.—The best and only method of Marking Linen, Silk, Stockings,

**MARK YOUR LINEN.**



Coarse Towels, or Books, so as to prevent the ink washing out, is with CULLETON'S PATENT ELECTRO-SILVER PLATES. By means of this novel invention thousands of pieces of Linen can be Marked in a few hours. Initials, 1s. each; Name, 2s. 6d.; Set of Movable numbers, 2s. 6d.; Crest Plate, 5s., with the necessary Directions for Use, post free, from T. CULLETON, Sole Maker, 25, Cranbourn Street, Corner of St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.



**METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN**  
BY ROYAL WARRANT

JOSEPH CILLOTT

**D**EGRS most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

**WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS.**

which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens—Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street; 90, New Street, Birmingham.

No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACE-CHURCH STREET, LONDON.

66, QUEEN STREET,  
London, 23rd August, 1860.

Messrs. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co.,

46, Dunlop Street, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,

I have, as requested, to-day visited the Royal Laundry, with reference to the Advertisement of the Nottingham Firm, who state that their Starch has been used for many years in the Royal Laundry, and have been assured by Mr. Thompson, the Superintendent, that none but your selves have any right to state that they supply Starch to her Majesty's Laundry, as no other Starch is there used, nor has been used for some years, but the Glenfield Patent Starch.

I have been further assured that your Starch continues to give complete satisfaction, and that though trial has been made of samples of various Starches, none of these have been found nearly equal in quality to the Glenfield.

I am, dear Sirs, your obedient Servant,

WM. BLACK.

**FURNITURE—GRATIS.**

**A** New and elaborately-illustrated CATALOGUE, containing over 500 designs of FURNITURE, IRON BEDSTEDS, BEDDING, &c., with Prices and Estimates for all classes of Houses. Country orders carriage free. LEWIN CRAWCOUR and CO., House Furnishers, 22 and 23, Queen's Buildings, Knightsbridge, London.—N.B. A very elegant and complete Walnut Drawing-Room suite to be sold for Thirty-three Guineas, worth double; Dining-room ditto, in Spanish Mahogany, Twenty-eight Guineas; and Two handsome and complete Bed-room suites, in fine Mahogany and Birch, with Winged Wardrobes and Marble-top Washstands, Twenty-eight Guineas each suite.

The whole of the above are a decided bargain.

## J. MAPLE and CO.'S SUPERIOR HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

### FAMILIES REQUIRING LINEN

Should inspect this Stock, get samples, wash and compare, the superiority of make will then be apparent, looking more glossy than before washing. Sample Parcels containing two 8-4 Damask Cloths, two Traycloths, one dozen Napkins to match, and one pair 2½ yards wide Linen Sheets, sent free to any railway station in England, on the receipt of an order for £2. Table Napkins from 3s. 6d. the dozen; superior ditto, from 5s. 6d. to 7s.; fine Double Damask from 7s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.; large size ditto, 8s. 6d. to 15s. the dozen; Table Cloths from 2s. 6d.; ditto, 8-4 handsome Damask, 5s. 6d. to 10s.; ditto, 2½ yards, from 8s. to 12s. 9d.; ditto, 3 yards, 10s. to 18s.; ditto, 5 yards, 15s. to 30s.; Linen Sheetings, 2 yards wide, 10s. the pair; fine useful ditto, 12s. to 15s.; ditto, 2½ yards, 12s. to 15s.; handsome make, 3 yards wide, 18s. to 25s. the pair. A curiously fine Irish Linen, made expressly for Ladies' wear, 1s. 6d. per yard, pattern sent free. Dusters from 2s. 6d. the dozen; Teacloths, Russia Towelling, &c., as well as every description of Household Linen. Hotel-keepers and all large consumers will find an immense advantage.

### J. MAPLE AND CO.

145, 146, 147, Tottenham Court Road, & 1 to 10, Tottenham Place.

ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS.

## "LOCK STITCH" SEWING MACHINES,

MANUFACTURED BY

THE "WHEELER AND WILSON"

MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



OFFICE AND SALE ROOMS, 462, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Recommended for their simplicity, fine mechanism, elegance of model and finish, speed, beauty and durability of the work performed. They have been in use sufficiently long to thoroughly test their qualities, and give entire satisfaction. They are the favourite machine for domestic purposes, and are both suitable and profitable in the workshop.

\*.\* Descriptive Pamphlets Gratis.

<b>A TOOTH FROM 5s</b>	MR. ROYAL LETTERS PATENT	<b>A SET 2£10s.</b>
WITHOUT SPRINGS WIRES OR ANY PAINFUL OPERATION	<b>ROGERS</b> DENTIST CONSULTATIONS FREE.	NATURAL APPEARANCE AND DURABILITY GUARANTEED.
18, NEW BURLINGTON ST.		CORNER OF REGENT ST. W.
For obvious reasons OBSERVE NAME AND ADDRESS.		

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

## KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO PREPARED CORN,

For Puddings, Custards, Blanc Mange, &c.

IS THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE—ESTABLISHED 1849.

THE OSWEGO HAS A DELICACY AND PURITY NOT POSSESSED BY ANY OF THE ENGLISH IMITATIONS.

Give it one trial so as to know what the genuine American article is.

WHOLESALE LONDON AGENTS,

ROBINSON, BELVILLE AND CO., 64, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN.

**WHITE AND SOUND TEETH**

Are indispensable to personal attraction and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food.



A small copy of the Label

as it appears on the Box.

This Powder is of inestimable value in preserving and beautifying the teeth, strengthening the gums, and in rendering the breath sweet and pure. It eradicates tartar from the teeth, removes spots of incipient decay, and polishes and preserves the enamel, to which it imparts a pearl-like whiteness. As the most efficient and fragrant aromatic purifier of the breath, teeth, and gums, ever known, it has obtained the patronage of the sovereigns and the nobility throughout Europe; while the general demand for it at once announces the favour in which it is universally held.

Sold by the Proprietors and by Chemists and Perfumers.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

### RIMMEL'S PERFUME VAPORIZER,



An elegant, cheap, and portable apparatus for diffusing the fragrance of flowers in apartments, ball rooms, &c., and for purifying the air in houses and sick chambers, recommended by Dr. LETHEBY and Dr. HASSELL, as greatly superior to the means in use hitherto.

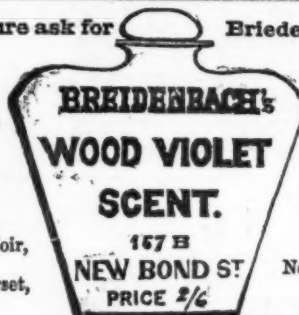
Price, from 5s. upwards.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists, and by the Patentee, R. RIMMEL, Perfumer to the Queen, 96, Strand, and 24, Cornhill, London; and 17, Boulevard des Italiens, Paris.

Be sure ask for Briedenbach's

Forget  
Me  
Not.

Boudoir,  
Somerset,



Last New  
Farewell  
Bouquet,

New Hay

**HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE.**

**NOTICE of Injunction.**—The admirers of this celebrated Fish Sauce are particularly requested to observe that none is genuine but that which bears the back label with the name of WILLIAM LAZENBY, as well as the front label signed Elizabeth Lazenby; and that, for further security, on the neck of every bottle of the Genuine Sauce will henceforward appear an additional label, printed in green and red, as follows:—"This notice will be affixed to Lazenby's Harvey's Sauce, prepared at the original warehouse, in addition to the well-known labels, which are protected against imitation by a perpetual injunction in Chancery of 9th July, 1858."

6, EDWARDS STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON

**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,**

USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.

And pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESS, to be the **FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED.**

Sold by all *Chandlers, Grocers, &c., &c.*

WOTHERSPOON & Co., GLASGOW AND LONDON.

**WOMAN'S HEALTH AND BEAUTY**, are increased and preserved from youth to old age by the prudent use of **PARR'S LIFE PILLS**. This admirable balsamic preparation gives colour to the complexion, brightness to the eyes, cheerful animation to the features, and agreeable vigour to the whole frame.

**NOTICE.**—You can obtain Parr's Life Pills of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1/4d., 2s. 3d., and in family packets, 11s. each.

**WHITE & SOUND TEETH.—JEWsbury**

and **BROWN'S ORIENTAL TOOTH PASTE**, established by 40 years' experience, as the best preparation extant for cleaning, beautifying, and preserving the teeth and gums. Prepared solely by Jewsbury and Brown, Chemists, Market Street, Manchester. Sold in pots at 1s. 6d., or double sizes 2s. 6d. each, by the Proprietors, and by various Agents throughout the United Kingdom, America, and the Colonies.

**NO MORE GRAY HAIR.****UNWIN AND ALBERT'S**

**COLUMBIAN HAIR-DYE**, after Twenty Years' constant use over the whole world, is now universally acknowledged to be the only hair-dye simple in application, and satisfactory in the result. In cases at 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

Beware of Imitations.

**HAIR-DYEING ROOMS.—UNWIN AND**

**ALBERT'S**, 24, Piccadilly, are as private and replete with every convenience and comfort as a lady's own dressing-room, and where the hair can be coloured the lightest shade of flaxen or the darkest shade of brown or black, by experienced assistants at moderate charges.

**OLDRIDGE'S BALM OF COLUMBIA** is

the most certain **REMEDY** for **RESTORING** and **STRENGTHENING** the **HAIR**. By it whiskers and moustaches are produced and beautified. Ladies will find it especially valuable, as the most delicate head-dress or bonnet can be worn without fear of soiling. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s.

C. and A. OLDRIDGE, 22, Wellington Street, Strand.

**THE CONCERTINA EASILY ACQUIRED.**

With **SIMPSON'S BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS** any persons can **TEACH THEMSELVES** to play on this fashionable and Sweet Toned Instrument, although they may be unacquainted with music.—This Two Shilling Book is forwarded post free for 24 stamps, from Simpson's Manufactory for English Concertinas from £12 2s. to £12 12s., 266, REGENT STREET. The Concertina lent on hire, taught, repaired, and exchanged.

Just published, price 3s. each.

No. 44 of **SIMPSON'S JOURNAL** for the **CONCERTINA** sent post free.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,**

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted.

WOTHERSPOON & Co., Glasgow and London

**GLASS SHADES**

For the Protection of Articles injured by exposure, **FERN CASES AND AQUARIUMS**, GLASS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PURPOSES, AND EVERY KIND OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL **WINDOW-GLASS**,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, AT

**CLAUDET & HOUGHTONS,**

89, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

Lists of Prices sent Free on Application.



## EPPS'S COCOA.

The delicious aroma, grateful smoothness, and invigorating power of this Preparation have procured its general adoption as

### A MOST DESIRABLE BREAKFAST BEVERAGE.

Sold in  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and 1 lb. Packets, at 1s. 6d. per pound, by Grocers.

EACH PACKET IS LABELLED

**JAMES EPPS, HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMIST,  
LONDON.**

### ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY,

For making quickly and at small cost, superior Barley Water; recommended as a summer drink, cooling in Fevers, or for Mothers nursing, and eminently nutritious as Infant's Food.

### ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS,

The most esteemed and best known preparation for making pure Gruel; persons of weak digestion or constipative habit would derive benefit from its use.

**ROBINSON, BELVILLE, & CO.,**

PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN.

**64, RED LION STREET, HOLBORN.**

ESTABLISHED 1764.

## THE PATENT AMERICAN KITCHENER

IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST COOKING-RANGE.

THE "ENCHANTRESS."



THIS invaluable STOVE is not surpassed for CONVENIENCE, ECONOMY, ELEGANCE, or COMPACTNESS, by the most expensive Cooking Range. It saves at least *half* the Fuel usually consumed—Is a perfect cure for a smoky chimney—Is elegant and compact in design, and occupies a very small space—Is clean and convenient in use—Portable and complete within itself—Requires no setting in Brickwork, but can be placed and put in operation in a few minutes by any inexperienced person—Is more durable than the generality of Stoves—Has accommodation in the top for four Boilers, Pots, or Kettles at the same time—Has a large Oven, which is always at a regular heat—May be fitted with a detached Boiler, holding 17 gallons, which is heated by the same fire—Is as cheerful in appearance as an ordinary open Fire Range—Will cook for a large family, at a cost for Fuel of One Shilling per week—Yields a constant supply of Hot Water—Forms an excellent Ironing Stove—and is fitted with a full complement of Cooking Utensils, including 2 Iron Kettles, tinned 1 side, 1 Tea Kettle, 1 Vegetable Steamer, 1 Large Oval Boiler with copper bottom, 1 Oval Frying-pan, 1 Round Frying-pan, 1 Grid-iron, 3 Iron Baking Pans for Oven, Poker, Rake Handle for lifting off Covers, &c.

The KITCHENERS can be securely packed for transit, and are delivered free to any Railway Station or Wharf in London. An Illustrated Prospectus, with Prices, Testimonials, and full particulars, free on application, and the Ranges may be inspected in full operation daily at the

**AMERICAN STOVE WAREHOUSE,**

**155, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON; JOSEPH H. RIDDELL, Sole Agent.**

## Coughs, Asthma, and Incipient Consumption

Are Effectually Cured by

### KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Copy of a Letter from the late COLONEL HAWKEE (the well-known Author on "Guns and Shooting").

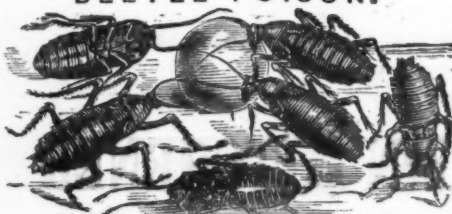
"Longparish House, near Whitechurch, Hants.  
"SIR,—I cannot resist informing you of the extraordinary effect I have experienced by taking only a few of your LOZENGES. I had a cough for several weeks that defied all that had been prescribed for me; and yet I got completely rid of it by taking about half a small box of your Lozenges, which I find are the only ones that relieve the cough without deranging the stomach or digestive organs.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant, P. HAWKER.  
"To Mr. Keating, 79, St. Paul's Church Yard."  
Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Church Yard, London. Retail by all Druggists

### KEATING'S COD-LIVER OIL.

**JUST IMPORTED.** The Pale from Newfoundland, and the Light Brown from Norway. The supplies of the present season have never been surpassed, the fish being unusually fine, and the oil nearly tasteless. Professors Taylor and Thompson, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, have analysed, and pronounced the Pale Newfoundland Oil the best and most desirable for invalids of very delicate constitution. The Light Brown being more economical in price, is brought within reach of all classes. No higher price need be paid than the following:—Light Brown, 1s. 8d. per pint, or 3s. per quart. Pale, 1s. 6d. half-pints, 2s. 6d. pints, 4s. 6d. quarts, or in five-pint bottles, 10s. 6d., imperial measure, at 79, St. Paul's Church Yard

### CHASE'S BEETLE POISON.



EQUALLY DESTRUCTIVE TO RATS AND MICE, AND HARMLESS TO CATS AND DOGS.

**A** Safe and most effectual Destroyer of **BLACK BEETLES** and **COCKROACHES** one trial alone will suffice to prove its great efficacy, and one box will destroy thousands. The great advantage in this preparation is, that it does not leave their bodies to decay and corrupt the air, but completely dries up and destroys them, so that nothing is left to cause an unpleasant odour when dead. *Directions for use.*—Place four or five of the Balls each night where the Beetles mostly resort.—Sold in boxes at 1s. each, or sent free to any part of the kingdom for Twenty Stamps (or a case containing one dozen boxes sent carriage free on a receipt of a Post-office Order for 12s.), by THOMAS CHASE, Chemist, 14, Holborn, London, E.C., and may be obtained through all Chemists, Booksellers, and Medicine Vendors.

Testimonials from the Rev. Edwin Sydney Cornard Parva Rectory, near Sudbury, Suffolk; James Veitch, jun., Esq., of the Royal Exotic Nursery, Chelsea; Lucombe, Pince, and Co.; E. G. Henderson and Son, Wellington Nursery, St. John's Wood; C. Loddiges, Esq., of Hackney, and many others.

### HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

**HEALTH ALWAYS OBTAINABLE.**—With some necessary precautions health may generally be regained by taking a course of these purifying Pills in the Spring. They thoroughly depurate the blood, search out all noxious matters, and carry off all morbid humours from the body. Their alterative properties place them in the foremost rank as correctors and improvers of the secretions.

## ALLNUTT'S FRUIT LOZENGES,

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, Hoarseness, &c.,

PREPARED SOLELY FROM THE

### BLACK CURRANT.

Aged Persons, Public Speakers, and Singers, find them peculiarly beneficial, and the consumptive patient is greatly relieved at night by their use.

Sold only in boxes at 1s. 1½d. each, and in larger boxes (one containing three) at 2s. 6d. each, by Patent Medicine Vendors

ALLNUTT'S AROMATIC

### FUMIGATING OR PASTILE PAPER.

Sold in Packets, 6d. each.

A Packet forwarded on receipt of six stamps.

FREDERICK ALLNUTT, 12 and 13, Chapel Row, Portsea.

**CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, ASTHMA,**  
Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c., instantly relieved by a dose of



The extraordinary efficacy of this remedy has given rise to unprincipled, spurious imitations. Never be tempted to buy Chlorodyne, unless the bottle has the Government Stamp affixed outside, with the words, "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne," engraved thereon.

From W. VESALIUS PETTIGREW, M.D. Hon. F.R.C.S. England, formerly Lecturer upon Anatomy and Physiology at St. George's School of Medicine:—"I have never met with any medicine so efficacious as an anti-spasmodic and sedative. I have used it in consumption, asthma, diarrhoea, and other diseases, and am most perfectly satisfied with the results."

From Dr. McMILLMAN, of New Galloway, Scotland:—"I consider it the most valuable medicine known."

"Dr. McGRIGOR CROFT, late Army Staff, says:—"It is a most invaluable medicine."

"From C. V. RILDOUT, Esq., Surgeon, Egham:—"As an astringent in severe diarrhoea, and an anti-spasmodic in colic with cramps in the abdomen, the relief is instantaneous. As a sedative in neuralgia and tic douloureux, its effects were very remarkable. In uterine affections I have found it extremely valuable."

Sold only in bottles, at 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., by the sole agent and manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury-square, London; or sent carriage free on receipt of stamps or post-office order.

## BROWN & POLSON'S



## PATENT CORN FLOUR.

The *Lancet* states,

"THIS IS SUPERIOR TO ANYTHING OF THE KIND KNOWN."  
First of the kind Manufactured and Patented in the United Kingdom and France, as explained with Engravings in the *Illustrated London News*, of May 24th, 1866. Prepared without fermentation it is warranted to keep sweet for years.

It is respectfully suggested that the Trade Mark, and name in full should be observed on each Package as similar articles are sometimes substituted or recommended as "the same," or "as good as BROWN & POLSON'S."

**BROWN & POLSON,**

MANUFACTURERS AND PURVEYORS TO HER MAJESTY,  
Paisley, Manchester, Dublin, and LONDON.

## HEALTH AND DISEASE—THEIR LAWS.

WITH PLAIN PRACTICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

By BENJAMIN RIDGE, M.D., F.R.C.S., &c.

Post 8vo, cloth, 12s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

# ASK YOUR NEIGHBOUR WHOSE WATERPROOFS ARE THE BEST? CORDING'S.

They have been proved for several years; and are acknowledged by those who have used them to be the best and only ones to be relied on

**IN ALL CLIMATES.**

## CORDING'S FISHING BOOTS & STOCKINGS

Are found most serviceable for comfort and health.

**LIFE BELTS, AIR BEDS,**

**COMPRESSIBLE SPONGING BATHS FOR TRAVELLERS.**

**KAMPTULICON FLOOR CLOTHS, AND THE NEW DOOR MATS.**

**CAUTION.—All Genuine Goods are stamped with the Name,**

**J. C. CORDING, 231, STRAND, TEMPLE BAR.**



Handsome Chased Vine Cake Basket . . . . .	£1 10 0
Ditto Bread Basket to match . . . . .	3 0 0
Ditto Engraved Silver, 6 Inches . . . . .	0 15 0
Ditto ditto ditto, 7 Inches . . . . .	0 18 0
Ditto ditto ditto, 8 Inches . . . . .	1 1 0
Superior Vine Breakfast Cruet . . . . .	1 0 0
Elegant Four-glass Cruet Frame . . . . .	1 0 0
Elegant Soup Tureen, to hold two quarts . . . . .	4 10 0
Set of Three Superior Table Dishes . . . . .	5 0 0
Venison Dish, for Hot Water, to match . . . . .	7 5 0
Set of Four Entrée Dishes . . . . .	5 10 0
Set of Warmers for ditto . . . . .	5 0 0
Elegant Soup Tureen, to hold three quarts . . . . .	5 5 0

• This Establishment, the oldest of its class in London, dating from Queen Elizabeth, when it was known as the Old Golden Ball, of Bowyer Row (now Ludgate Street), ought to be a guarantee of the quality of the wares now offered. Full information about prices, copiously illustrated (with 100 designs), is contained in a new Catalogue (Gratis).

**Thomas West, 18, Ludgate Street, London. Manufactory, Victoria Works.**

## WEST'S PATENT ELECTRO PLATE (AMALGAMATED SILVER)

Is the only Article equal to Silver.

### ELECTRO-PLATED SPOONS & FORKS, FULL SIZE.

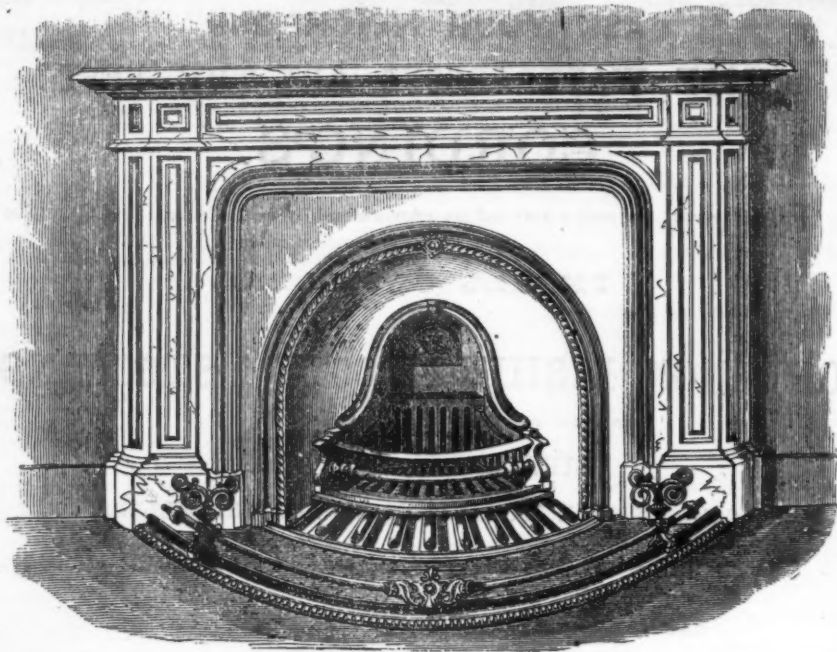
Best quality.	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread Pattern.	King's Pattern.	Lily Pattern.
12 Table Forks . . . . .	£1 16 0	£2 8 0	£3 0 0	£3 10 0
12 Table Spoons . . . . .	1 16 0	2 8 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
12 Dessert Forks . . . . .	1 7 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Dessert Spoons . . . . .	1 7 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Tea Spoons . . . . .	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles . . . . .	0 7 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon . . . . .	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (dilt) . . . . .	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon, do. . . . .	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs . . . . .	0 3 6	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers . . . . .	1 0 0	1 7 0	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife . . . . .	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle . . . . .	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 0	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (dilt) . . . . .	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0

Complete Service £10 12 10 14 9 6 17 6 0 20 12 6

Any Article sold separately at the above rate, which is one-third less than the usual charges.

One Set of Four Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £6; one Set of Four Dish Covers—viz., one 20-inch, one 18-inch, and two 14-inch—£9 18s.; Cruet Frame, 4-Glass, 20s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with prices attached, sent per post gratis. Spoons and Forks of equal quality usually charged one-third more.





## FENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, And CHIMNEY-PIECES.

Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS.**

They contain such an assortment of

**FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS,  
And GENERAL IRONMONGERY,**

As cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ormolu ornaments and two sets of bars, £3 15s. to £33 10s.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to £5 12s.; steel fenders, £2 15s. to £11; ditto, with rich ormolu ornaments, from £2 15s. to £18 chimney-pieces, from £1 9s. to £80; fire-irons, from 2s. 3d. the set to £4 4s.

The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

## WILLIAM S. BURTON'S General Furnishing Ironmongery Catalogue

may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of 500 Illustrations of his illimited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gaseliers, Tea Trays, Urns and Kettles, Cloaks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads Bedding, Bed-room Cabinet Furniture, &c. with Lists of Prices and PLANS of the

**TWENTY LARGE SHOW ROOMS AT  
39, OXFORD STREET, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, & 4, NEWMAN STREET;  
4, 5, & 6, PERRY'S PLACE; and 1, NEWMAN MEWS,  
LONDON.**

ESTABLISHED 1820.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N<sup>o</sup>. 101.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

[PRICE 2d.]

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

BETIMES in the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town—which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow—thinking about my patroness, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to restore the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a going and the cold hearths a blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, had made up a rich attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the inspiration of it, and the heart of it, of course. But, though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, invest her with any attributes save those she possessed. I mention this in this place, of a fixed purpose, because it is the clue by which I am to be followed into my poor labyrinth. According to my experience, the conventional notion of a lover cannot be always true. The unqualified truth is, that when I loved Estella with the love of a man, I loved her because I found her irresistible. Once for all; I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be. Once for all; I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me, than if I had devoutly believed her to be human perfection.

I so shaped out my walk as to arrive at the gate at my old time. When I had rung at the

bell with an unsteady hand, I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side door open and steps come across the court-yard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally then, to find myself confronted by a man in a sober grey dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

"Orlick!"

"Ah, young master, there's more changes than yours. But come in, come in. It's opposed to my orders to hold the gate open."

I entered and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. "Yes!" said he, facing round, after doggedly preceding me a few steps towards the house. "Here I am!"

"How did you come here?"

"I come here," he retorted, "on my legs. I had my box brought alongside me in a barrow."

"Are you here for good?"

"I ain't here for harm, young master, I suppose?"

I was not so sure of that. I had leisure to entertain the retort in my mind, while he slowly lifted his heavy glance from the pavement, up my legs and arms, to my face.

"Then you have left the forge?" I said.

"Do this look like a forge?" replied Orlick, sending his glance all round him with an air of injury. "Now, do it look like it?"

I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge?

"One day is so like another here," he replied, "that I don't know without casting it up. However, I come here some time since you left."

"I could have told you that, Orlick."

"Ah!" said he, dryly. "But then you've got to be a scholar."

By this time we had come to the house, where I found his room to be one just within the side door, with a little window in it looking on the court-yard. In its small proportions, it was not unlike the kind of place usually assigned to a gate-porter in Paris. Certain keys were hanging on the wall, to which he now added the gate key; and his patchwork-covered bed was in a little inner division or recess. The whole had a slo-

venly confined and sleepy look, like a cage for a human dormouse: while he, looming dark and heavy in the shadow of a corner by the window, looked like the human dormouse for whom it was fitted up—as indeed he was.

"I never saw this room before," I remarked; "but there used to be no Porter here."

"No," said he; "not till it got about that there was no protection on the premises, and it come to be considered dangerous, with convicts and Tag and Rag and Bobtail going up and down. And then I was recommended to the place as a man who could give another man as good as he brought, and I took it. It's easier than bellowing and hammering.—That's loaded, that is."

My eye had been caught by a gun with a brass-bound stock over the chimney-piece, and his eye had followed mine.

"Well," said I, not desirous of more conversation, "shall I go up to Miss Havisham?"

"Burn me, if I know!" he retorted, first stretching himself and then shaking himself; "my orders ends here, young master. I give this here bell a rap with this here hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet somebody."

"I am expected, I believe?"

"Burn me twice over, if I can say!" said he.

Upon that, I turned down the long passage which I had first trodden in my thick boots, and he made his bell sound. At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket: who appeared to have now become constitutionally green and yellow by reason of me.

"Oh!" said she. "You, is it, Mr. Pip?"

"It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well."

"Are they any wiser?" said Sarah, with a dismal shake of the head; "they had better be wiser, than well. Ah, Matthew, Matthew! You know your way, sir?"

Tolerably, for I had gone up the staircase in the dark, many a time. I ascended it now, in lighter boots than of yore, and tapped in my old way at the door of Miss Havisham's room. "Pip's rap," I heard her say, immediately; "come in, Pip."

She was in her chair near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe that had never been worn, in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

"Come in, Pip," Miss Havisham continued to mutter, without looking round or up; "come in, Pip, how do you do, Pip? so you kiss my hand as if I were a queen, eh?—Well?"

She looked up at me suddenly, only moving her eyes, and repeated in a grimly playful manner,

"Well?"

"I heard, Miss Havisham," said I, rather at

a loss, "that you were so kind as to wish me to come and see you, and I came directly."

"Well?"

The lady whom I had never seen before, lifted up her eyes and looked archly at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella's eyes. But she was so much changed, was so much more beautiful, so much more womanly, in all things winning admiration had made such wonderful advance, that I seemed to have made none. I fancied, as I looked at her, that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again. O the sense of distance and disparity that came upon me, and the inaccessibility that came about her!

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about the pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and about my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

"Do you find her much changed, Pip?" asked Miss Havisham with her greedy look, and striking her stick upon a chair that stood between them, as a sign to me to sit down there.

"When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settles down so curiously into the old—"

"What? You are not going to say, into the old Estella?" Miss Havisham interrupted. "She was proud and insulting and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?"

I said confusedly that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and the like. Estella smiled with perfect composure, and said she had no doubt of my having been quite right, and of her having been very disagreeable.

"Is he changed?" Miss Havisham asked her.

"Very much," said Estella, looking at me.

"Less coarse and common?" said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she lured me on.

We sat in the dreamy room among the old strange influences which had so wrought upon me, and I learnt that she had but just come home from France, and that she was going to London. Proud and wilful as of old, she had brought those qualities into such subjection to her beauty that it was impossible and out of nature—or I thought so—to separate them from her beauty. Truly it was impossible to dissociate her presence from all those wretched hankerings after money and gentility that had disturbed my boyhood—from all those ill-regulated aspirations that had first made me ashamed of home and Joe—from all those visions that had raised her face in the glowing fire, struck it out of the iron on the anvil, extracted it from the darkness of night to look in at the wooden window of the forge and flit away. In a word, it was impossible for me to separate her, in the past or in the present, from the innermost life of my life.

It was settled that I should stay there all the

rest of the day, and return to the hotel at night, and to London to-morrow. When we had conversed for a while, Miss Havisham sent us two out to walk in the neglected garden; on our coming in by-and-by, she said, I should wheel her about a little as in times of yore.

So, Estella and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my encounter with the pale young gentleman, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshipping the very hem of her dress; she, quite composed and most decidedly not worshipping the hem of mine. As we drew near to the place of encounter, she stopped and said:

"I must have been a singular little creature to hide and see that fight that day: but I did, and I enjoyed it very much."

"You rewarded me very much."

"Did I?" she replied, in an incidental and forgetful way. "I remember I entertained a great objection to your adversary, because I took it ill that he should be brought here to pester me with his company."

"He and I are great friends now," said I.

"Are you? I think I recollect though, that you read with his father?"

"Yes."

I made the admission with reluctance, for it seemed to have a boyish look, and she already treated me more than enough like a boy.

"Since your change of fortune and prospects, you have changed your companions," said Estella.

"Naturally," said I.

"And necessarily," she added, in a haughty tone, "what was fit company for you once, would be quite unfit company for you now."

In my conscience, I doubt very much whether I had any lingering intention left, of going to see Joe; but if I had, this observation put it to flight.

"You had no idea of your impending good fortune, in those times?" said Estella, with a slight wave of her hand, signifying in the fighting times.

"Not the least."

The air of completeness and superiority with which she walked at my side, and the air of youthfulness and submission with which I walked at hers, made a contrast that I strongly felt. It would have rankled in me more than it did, if I had not regarded myself as eliciting it by being so set apart for her and assigned to her.

The garden was too overgrown and rank for walking in with ease, and after we had made the round of it twice or thrice, we came out again into the brewery yard. I showed her to a nicety where I had seen her walking on the casks, that first old day, and she said, with a cold and careless look in that direction, "Did I?" I reminded her where she had come out of the house and given me my meat and drink, and she said, "I don't remember." "Not remember that you made me cry?" said I. "No," said she, and shook her head and looked about her. I verily believe that her not remembering and

not minding in the least, made me cry again, inwardly—and that is the sharpest crying of all.

"You must know," said Estella, condescending to me as a brilliant and beautiful woman might, "that I have no heart—if that has anything to do with my memory."

I got through some jargon to the effect that I took the liberty of doubting that. That I knew better. That there could be no such beauty without it.

"Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in, I have no doubt," said Estella, "and, of course, if it ceased to beat I should cease to be. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no—sympathy—sentiment—nonsense."

What *was* it that was borne in upon my mind when she stood still and looked attentively at me? Anything that I had seen in Miss Havisham? No. In some of her looks and gestures there was that tinge of resemblance to Miss Havisham which may often be noticed to have been acquired by children, from grown persons with whom they have been much associated and secluded, and which, when childhood is past, will produce a remarkable occasional likeness of expression between faces that are otherwise quite different. And yet I could not trace this to Miss Havisham. I looked again, and though she was still looking at me, the suggestion was gone.

What *was* it?

"I am serious," said Estella, not so much with a frown (for her brow was smooth) as with a darkening of her face; "if we are to be thrown much together, you had better believe it at once. No!" imperiously stopping me as I opened my lips. "I have not bestowed my tenderness anywhere. I have never had any such thing."

In another moment we were in the brewery so long disused, and she pointed to the high gallery where I had seen her going out on that same first day, and told me she remembered to have been up there, and to have seen me standing scared below. As my eyes followed her white hand, again the same dim suggestion that I could not possibly grasp, crossed me. My involuntary start occasioned her to lay her hand upon my arm. Instantly the ghost passed once more, and was gone.

What *was* it?

"What is the matter?" asked Estella. "Are you scared again?"

"I should be, if I believed what you said just now," I replied, to turn it off.

"Then you don't? Very well. It is said, at any rate. Miss Havisham will soon be expecting you at your old post, though I think that might be laid aside now, with other old belongings. Let us make one more round of the garden, and then go in. Come! You shall not shed tears for my cruelty to-day; you shall be my Page, and give me your shoulder."

Her handsome dress had trailed upon the ground. She held it in one hand now, and with



the other lightly touched my shoulder as we walked. We walked round the ruined garden twice or thrice more, and it was all in bloom for me. If the green and yellow growth of weed in the chinks of the old wall, had been the most precious flowers that ever blew, it could not have been more cherished in my remembrance.

There was no discrepancy of years between us, to remove her far from me; we were of nearly the same age, though of course the age told for more in her case than in mine; but the air of inaccessibility which her beauty and her manner gave her, tormented me in the midst of my delight, and at the height of the assurance I felt that our patroness had chosen us for one another. Wretched boy!

At last we went back into the house, and there I heard, with surprise, that my guardian had come down to see Miss Havisham on business and would come back to dinner. The old wintry branches of chandeliers in the room where the mouldering table was spread, had been lighted while we were out, and Miss Havisham was in her chair and waiting for me.

It was like pushing the chair itself back into the past, when we began the old slow circuit round about the ashes of the bridal feast. But, in the funereal room, with that figure of the grave fallen back in the chair fixing its eyes upon her, Estella looked more bright and beautiful than before, and I was under stronger enchantment.

The time so melted away, that our early dinner-hour drew close at hand, and Estella left us to prepare herself. We had stopped near the centre of the long table, and Miss Havisham, with one of her withered arms stretched out of the chair, rested that clenched hand upon the yellow cloth. As Estella looked back over her shoulder before going out at the door, Miss Havisham kissed that hand to her, with a ravenous intensity that was of its kind quite dreadful.

Then, Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me, and said in a whisper:

"Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?"

"Everybody must who sees her, Miss Havisham."

She drew an arm round my neck, and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair. "Love her, love her, love her! How does she use you?"

Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all), she repeated, "Love her, love her, love her! If she favours you, love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces—and as it gets older and stronger, it will tear deeper—love her, love her, love her!"

Never had I seen such passionate eagerness as was joined to her utterance of these words. I could feel the muscles of the thin arm round my neck, swell with the vehemence that possessed her.

"Hear me, Pip! I adopted her to be loved.

I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her into what she is, that she might be loved. Love her!"

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt that she meant to say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love—despair—revenge—dire death—it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

"I'll tell you," said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, "what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the whole world, giving up your whole heart and soul to the smiter—as I did!"

When she came to that, and to a wild cry that followed that, I caught her round the waist. For she rose up in the chair, in her shroud of a dress, and struck at the air as if she would as soon have struck herself against the wall and fallen dead.

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew her down into her chair, I was conscious of a scent that I knew, and turning, saw my guardian in the room.

He always carried (I have not yet mentioned it, I think) a pocket-handkerchief of rich silk and of imposing proportions, which was of great value to him in his profession. I have seen him so terrify a client or a witness by ceremoniously unfolding this pocket-handkerchief as if he were immediately going to blow his nose, and then pausing, as if he knew he should not have time to do it before such client or witness committed himself, that the self-committal has followed directly, quite as a matter of course. When I saw him in the room, he had this expressive pocket-handkerchief in both hands, and was looking at us. On meeting my eye, he said plainly, by a momentary and silent pause in that attitude, "Indeed? Singular!" and then put the handkerchief to its right use with wonderful effect.

Miss Havisham had seen him as soon as I, and was (like everybody else) afraid of him. She made a strong attempt to compose herself, and stammered that he was as punctual as ever.

"As punctual as ever," he repeated, coming up to us. "(How do you do, Pip. Shall I give you a ride, Miss Havisham? Once round?) And so you are here, Pip?"

I told him when I had arrived, and how Miss Havisham had wished me to come and see Estella. To which he replied, "Ah! Very fine young lady!" Then he pushed Miss Havisham in her chair before him, with one of his large hands, and put the other in his trousers-pocket as if the pocket were full of secrets.

"Well, Pip! How often have you seen Miss Estella before?" said he, when he came to a stop.

"How often?"

"Ah! How many times. Ten thousand times?"

"Oh! Certainly not so many."

"Twice?"

"Jaggers," interposed Miss Havisham, much to my relief; "leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner."

He complied, and we groped our way down the dark stairs together. While we were still on our way to those detached apartments across the paved yard at the back, he asked me how often I had seen Miss Havisham eat and drink; offering me a breadth of choice, as usual, between a hundred times and once.

I considered, and said, "Never."

"And never will, Pip," he retorted, with a frowning smile. "She has never allowed herself to be seen doing either, since she lived this present life of hers. She wanders about in the night, and then lays hands on such food as she takes."

"Pray, sir," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," said he, "and I may decline to answer it. Put your question."

"Estella's name. Is it Havisham, or——?"

I had nothing to add.

"Or what?" said he.

"Is it Havisham?"

"It is Havisham."

This brought us to the dinner-table, where she and Sarah Pocket awaited us. Mr. Jaggers presided, Estella sat opposite to him, I faced my green and yellow friend. We dined very well, and were waited on by a maid-servant whom I had never seen in all my comings and goings, but who, for anything I know, had been in that mysterious house the whole time. After dinner, a bottle of choice old port was placed before my guardian (he was evidently well acquainted with the vintage), and the two ladies left us.

Anything to equal the determined reticence of Mr. Jaggers under that roof, I never saw elsewhere, even in him. He kept his very looks to himself, and scarcely directed his eyes to Estella's face once during dinner. When she spoke to him, he listened, and in due course answered, but never looked at her that I could see. On the other hand, she often looked at him, with interest and curiosity, if not distrust, but his face never showed the least consciousness. Throughout dinner he took a dry delight in making Sarah Pocket greener and yellower, by often referring in conversation with me to my expectations; but here, again, he showed no consciousness, and even made it appear that he extorted—and even did extort, though I don't know how—those references out of my innocent self.

And when he and I were left alone together, he sat with an air upon him of general lying by in consequence of information he possessed, that really was too much for me. He cross-examined his very wine when he had nothing else in hand. He held it between himself and the candle, tasted the port, rolled it in his mouth, swallowed it, looked at the port again, smelt it, tried it, drank it, filled again, and cross-examined the glass again, until I was as nervous as if I had known the wine to be telling him something to

my disadvantage. Three or four times I feebly thought I would start conversation; but whenever he saw me going to ask him anything, he looked at me with his glass in his hand, and rolling his wine about in his mouth, as if requesting me to take notice that it was of no use, for he couldn't answer.

I think Miss Pocket was conscious that the sight of me involved her in the danger of being goaded to madness, and perhaps tearing off her cap—which was a very hideous one, in the nature of a muslin mop—and strewing the ground with her hair—which assuredly had never grown on *her* head. She did not appear when we afterwards went up to Miss Havisham's room, and we four played at whist. In the interval, Miss Havisham, in a fantastic way, had put some of the most beautiful jewels from her dressing-table into Estella's hair, and about her bosom and arms; and I saw even my guardian look at her from under his thick eyebrows, and raise them a little, when her loveliness was before him, with those rich flushes of glitter and colour in it.

Of the manner and extent to which he took our trumps into custody, and came out with mean little cards at the ends of hands, before which the glory of our Kings and Queens was utterly abased, I say nothing; nor of the feeling that I had, respecting his looking upon us personally in the light of three very obvious and poor riddles that he had found out long ago. What I suffered from, was the incompatibility between his cold presence and my feelings towards Estella. It was not that I knew I could never bear to speak to him about her, that I knew I could never bear to hear him creak his boots at her, that I knew I could never bear to see him wash his hands of her; it was, that my admiration should be within a foot or two of him—it was, that my feelings should be in the same place with him—that, was the agonising circumstance.

We played until nine o'clock, and then it was arranged that when Estella came to London I should be forewarned of her coming and should meet her at the coach; and then I took leave of her, and touched her and left her.

My guardian lay at the Boar in the next room to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham's words, "Love her, love her, love her!" sounded in my ears. I adapted them for my own repetition, and said to my pillow, "I love her, I love her, I love her!" hundreds of times. Then, a burst of gratitude came upon me, that she should be destined for me, once the blacksmith's boy. Then, I thought if she were, as I feared, by no means rapturously grateful for that destiny yet, when would she begin to be interested in me? When should I awaken the heart within her, that was mute and sleeping now?

Ah me! I thought those were high and great emotions. But I never thought there was anything low and small in my keeping away from Joe, because I knew she would be contemp-

tuons of him. It was but a day gone, and Joe had brought the tears into my eyes; they had soon dried, God forgive me! soon dried.

### METAMORPHOSES OF FOOD.

THE stomach is a mighty magician. Into its universal maw are thrust the most varied materials drawn from every corner and crevice of Nature: solids and fluids, of stable and unstable combination, animals and plants, minerals and salts, all of which are mixed and ground, moistened and mashed, torn asunder, taken to pieces, and formed anew into a kind of broth, which is always, and in all men, the same broth, no matter how different may have been the materials from which it was formed. Nature, by the endless combinations of a few elements, produces endless diversities of inorganic and organic life. The stomach clutches these, and reduces their diversity to simplicity. The world is ransacked for food; and the food is made into blood. Races and nations differ in the substances they feed on, and in the way they feed on them, but all these differences disappear in the final result; the blood of one race and one nation is the same as the blood of all races. So also the cow eats grass and turnip, converting them into blood; the lion declines those succulent vegetables, but feasts upon the cow, and yet converts this food into nothing better than blood.

It is the same with cooking. Wonderfully various are the means men have hit upon for preparing their food, to make it easy of digestion, pleasant of taste. In these they have been guided by instinct, and occasionally enlightened by knowledge. But all means point to the same end. Climates differ, modes of life differ, tastes differ, prejudices differ. The Greenlander gorging himself with pounds of seal's flesh and train oil, would look with wondering contempt on the Hindoo, distending himself with rice and rancid butter. The Abyssinian who likes his stake raw, cut from the living animal, would hardly comprehend the Parisian's fancy for a stake stewed into strings, and disguised in brown gravies. The Neapolitan refreshing himself with juicy cocomero, might sniff at the German exhilarating himself with sausages and raw ham.

How various were the articles of food, and the habits which prevailed at meals, among ancient peoples, may be gathered from existing records; and these have been put together by Dr. Reich, of Bern, in one of those elaborately erudite treatises which only Germans have the patience to compose. The book is called "*Die Nahrungs und Genussmittelkunde*," and has a pathetic interest thrown over it from the fact that it was written in years of such hunger, cold, and misery, that in closing the preface to the first part, the author says he is on the brink of the grave, and may not survive to complete what he has so laboriously commenced. Much of this work is meant for a scientific public only, but we shall borrow from its more popular pages a few details

to exemplify our position respecting the varieties of food and its preparation.

The Greeks were at all times less of gourmets than the Romans. In Homer's time their appetites were no doubt heroic enough, and huge havoc was made on swine's flesh, when the chance was afforded; but even on princely tables nothing more recherché was found than bread, beef, mutton, pork, and goat's flesh, always prepared in the same way. Nor even among the later Greeks was there any great expenditure of ingenuity in cookery. Plain roast, with olives, lemons, figs, pomegranates, apples, pears, melons, and a few vegetables seem to have made up their list of eatables; if we add to the roasts, an occasional dog or donkey, and a rabbit or hare, the list still seems small. The Greeks took three meals daily—breakfast, dinner, and supper. The first was a very simple affair, consisting of bread dipped in wine. Supper, which answers to our dinner, was the chief meal. The early Greeks sat down to their meals, but the later Greeks borrowed from the East the practice of reclining on cushions. They took off their sandals, and washed hands and feet before commencing; a practice all the more commendable since they ate with their fingers, and wiped their fingers on bread-crumbs. Our "silver fork school" would have had its feelings painfully outraged at the idea of Pericles and Aspasia without a fork, using as such the crusts of bread, which crusts, when they became too moist, were thrown under the table, and snapped up by expectant dogs. Indeed, the fork is a modern invention; and was not the product of English genius, though in England it has been carried to its greatest eminence. It arose in Italy, in the later half of the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century it was introduced to the French Court as a brilliant novelty; and only in 1608 was first brought to England by Thomas Coryat. Yet it is suspected there were gentlemen even among those forkless persons.

But this is a digression. The Greeks ate without a fork or spoon. Soup they managed to drink out of bowls, as impatient juveniles have been known to drink it in our own time; or else they sopped bread in it. During the meal no wine was drunk; but when the eating was over, and the hands had a second time been washed, wine, generally mixed with water, was handed round. Water, wine, and milk were the only drinks of the Greeks; other drinks were despised as barbaric. The sexes always ate separately.

The Romans began, of course, as simple feeders, but in process of time became such gourmets as the world has not since seen. Pulse, bread, fruit, vegetables, and only a few meats, with wine and water, were the staple food of the early Romans; then came beer; and then, as the conquest of the world brought them more and more into contact with various customs, the list of articles and the modes of preparation became longer and more various. Then came the search after rarities. The livers of nightingales, the brains of flamingos, the



tender parts of peacocks, wild boar, oysters, blackbirds, deer, hares, spices from all countries, and ingenious forms of pastry—these were dressed up in a thousand different ways, so that Apicius could leave ten books of receipts. The Romans had three daily meals. The *jeitaculum*, or breakfast, the *prandium*, or dinner, and the *cœna*, or supper. The first consisted of bread and salt, olives, cheese, dried grapes, and sometimes milk and eggs. The *prandium* was more like our meat luncheon. It consisted of warm or cold meat, the remains of yesterday's supper; and, in luxurious houses, of oysters, eggs, and sweets. The drinks were water, wine, and mulsum—a beverage composed of wine and honey. The *cœna* was an elaborate affair, divided into three courses: the first, *gustus*, or *promulsis*, was something like the "whet" of a modern French dinner, only of a more substantial kind: oysters, eggs, broths, light vegetables, especially lettuces, with piquant sauces, and digestible fish. Only mulsum was drunk with this course. With the second course, or *fercula*, the serious business began. A huge roast, say a wild boar served up whole, was placed on the table; then came hares, pigeons, peacocks, flamingos, ostrich eggs, rare fishes, parrot heads, and nightingale tongues. The wine was cooled by snow. Besides wine, there were various other drinks—beer, *camum*, and *zythum*—whatever they may have been. Then followed the third course, *mensæ secundæ*, consisting of fruit, sweetmeats, delicate dishes of many kinds. Fingers, of course, were liberally soiled in eating of these dishes, and instead of wiping them on bread-crumbs, as the Greeks did, the Romans used napkins, each guest bringing his own. The women ate with the men; but they sat, while the men, in later years, reclined on sofas. Slaves carved the joints, keeping strict time to the accompaniment of music.

The Egyptians brewed beer from barley, baked bread from the meal of the lotos-seed, and distilled oil from olives. The immense richness of the soil, which in the Nile delta gave four crops a year, furnished abundant vegetable food, and the Nile furnished abundant fish. Upon fish, lotos, garlic, melons, and dates, the poorer classes chiefly subsisted. Those who could afford flesh, preferred the quail, the duck, the goose, and beef; very often the meat was simply salted, and eaten without further cookery. Not but what the Egyptian cooks displayed considerable ingenuity. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's researches show them to have understood various modes of preparing dishes, especially of pastry. The drinks were numerous. It was the custom during a banquet to carry round a coffin, containing a painted corpse, made of wood, which was shown to each guest, as a memento that he, too, must one day die, and that the best thing he could do was to enjoy the present moment. The Egyptians sat at table, and used a wooden or ivory spoon to aid their fingers. Dances and music enlivened the meal.

The Iberians were almost exclusively animal

feeders. Of cookery they had but the simplest ideas: raw or roasted meat, with wine and mulsum, summed up their notions of a banquet. The Lusitanians only drank water, and ate scarcely any flesh but that of goats. The Gauls were equally indifferent to vegetable food. They preferred swine's-flesh, roasted, salted, or smoked. They drank wine, milk, and a barley drink; but wine was their especial favourite, because it intoxicated them. Maidens and youths waited at meals. The men sat on the skins of wild beasts. The ancient Germans were likewise mainly animal feeders, and huge feeders. Wild boar, hare, deer, aurochs, blackcock, wild-goose, duck, pigeon, sheep, pigs, oxen, and horses, with some fishes, were eaten raw as well as roasted. When the flesh was eaten raw, it was generally kneaded by hands and feet, in the skin, until it was tolerably soft. They drank must, meth, beer, and wine, and drank it unstintingly.

The Jews made supper their chief meal, and generally did not break their fast until after the morning prayer. On the Sabbath no breakfast was eaten. Before and after meals hands were washed, and a grace was said. The meats and vegetables were handed round in dishes, and the guests helped themselves with fingers and bread crusts to as much as they fancied. In ancient times they sat at table, but in later times the fashion of reclining on divans came in. Many meats were forbidden: for example, the flesh of all animals which had died a natural death, which were killed by other animals, and which, when killed by man, had not lost the greater part of their blood. To eat blood, or meat with the blood in it, was to incur the penalty of death. Pork, we need scarcely add, was not eaten, except, perhaps, here and there by a Jew of a sceptical turn of mind. There were also parts of the fat and flesh which were forbidden, and no meat cooked in milk was permitted. Hares and camels, donkeys and dogs, many birds, all reptiles, and some fishes, were likewise forbidden.

The Hindoos were, and are, very simple in their diet. The chief article was rice (in Sanscrit *richa*, in Persian *rizch*, in Greek *oryzon*), from which they also made a sort of wine, which, however, was only drunk on festal occasions; in general they drank only water. There was a favourite dish called *krishara*, a sort of thick *riz au lait*, made of rice, milk, sugar, and cardamoms. Intoxicating drinks were forbidden; nevertheless, beer, meth, barley wine, palm wine, cocoa milk, were secretly indulged in; and, in spite of religious scruples, much wine was drunk. The Persians, according to Strabo, fed luxuriously on animal and vegetable diet; huge animals being roasted whole, and washed down with copious draughts of wine; but we know nothing of the food of the people, it is only the banquets of princes, splendid with goblets and salvers, that have been thought worthy of mention. The ancient Arabs were often named after the food they ate; thus we hear of the *rhizophagists* (root eaters), *kreophagists* (flesh eaters), and

ichthyophagists (fish eaters), and more specifically of elephant eaters, crocodile eaters, ostrich eaters, locust eaters, &c. The fish eaters heaped fish upon heated stones, removed the backbones, mashed the flesh into a sort of cake, and dried it in the sun. Except the pig, which the Arabs regarded with horror on account of its dirty and hideous person, almost all animals were welcome to them.

We need not follow Dr. Reich in his extensive researches into the food of all nations. The foregoing varieties suffice to indicate that the human stomach can be contented with very simple food, and very rude cookery, and will also master almost every variety of organic substance, and please itself with every combination which ingenuity can devise. There are tribes which subsist entirely on animal food, and there are tribes which subsist entirely on vegetable food, and there are those, by far the greater number, which subsist on varieties of both. Much depends on climate and mode of life; not a little on custom and prejudice. If the labourer in Benguela is satisfied with a handful of manioc meal, and is kept in "condition" by this modest diet, the labourer in England would show but shrunken muscles and feeble energy on such food; nor could either of them flourish on the quantities of raw flesh and train oil eagerly devoured by the Esquimaux. Rice and pulse keep the sepoy in vigour, but the English soldier, under the same conditions of climate, would languish on such food. It is a popular error to suppose that in hot climates meat and fat are instinctively avoided, and are proper only for cold climates. There are numerous tribes in the hottest parts of Africa which always eat meat when they can get it, and eat it gluttonously; and the great carnivorous animals are mainly inhabitants of hot climates. The truth is, there is a certain adaptation between the organism and its food which is quite independent of temperature; and just as there are flesh-feeders and vegetable-feeders among animals (the food of both coming to the same thing after being digested), so there are races of men organised to flourish on different kinds of food. It is in vain to say all men are alike, and therefore must be equally adapted to digest the same kind of food. Alike they are, but also different. Even among the same tribe, or race, we find important individual differences. One man cannot digest eggs, another cannot digest milk, a third cannot eat mutton, a fourth cannot touch butter, a fifth is made ill by tobacco, a sixth by strawberries, and so on. Now, it is purely a question of adaptability whether food shall be nutritious or the reverse. We know that cabbage will feed cows, monkeys, and men, because cabbage can by them be digested; but it will not feed fish, cats, or vultures, simply because it cannot be digested by them. And the cabbage which the monkey eats uncooked must be cooked for the man, because his digestive powers are feeble.

All cooking is a preparatory digestion. The ancients used to consider digestion itself only a pro-

cess of cooking, and in some respects they were right. In proportion as the food has been well cooked there is less labour thrown upon the stomach, which will have to grind and mash the food, to reduce it to a pulp and a liquid. For it is a fact worth bearing in mind, that only liquid food is capable of nourishing an organism. In however solid a condition the substance enters the stomach it must be reduced to liquid before any of it can nourish; all that is not capable of being made liquid, or of being held in solution, passes away as worthless. The caterpillar, for example, devours daily about twice its own weight of solid food, yet exact experiment has proved that a caterpillar which in twelve hours voided from fifteen to eighteen grains of refuse, only gained one or two grains in weight during that period, the fact being that it had only pressed out the juices of the leaves, and voided all the solid parts. Had its digestive powers been more vigorous, it would have eaten less and liquefied more. The same thing is true of the higher organisms. In proportion to their power of liquefying food is the quantity of nutriment they extract from articles of food.

And the reasons why food must be liquid before it can nourish an organism are twofold: first, the food has to be conveyed from the stomach to the various parts of the body which have to be nourished; and as it is conveyed in canals which are everywhere closed—blood-vessels with no openings in their walls to let the food escape—it would be for ever carried to and fro by the torrent of the circulation (most accurate phrase!); and the parts of the body through which this torrent rushes would be as little benefited by the food as if none were there. Secondly, supposing openings to exist, or to be ruptured, and the solid food to be deposited on the organs, no nutrition could take place; because these organs are made up of innumerable little cells or vesicles, every one of which must separately be fed, and no one of which has any mouth or opening for the food to enter.

Thus, the food has first to be carried away by a vast network of closed vessels, through the walls of which it must ooze; and then it has to ooze through the walls of the tiny cells constituting the individual atoms of each organ. It is obvious that only liquid food can thus pass out of the blood-vessels and into the cells. It does so in virtue of a remarkable law—named the law of Endosmosis—by which a fluid moistening one side of a membrane will gradually change places with a different fluid moistening the other side of this membrane. Outside the blood-vessel there is a fluid, and with this the blood sets up a process of exchange. The blood thus oozed from the vessel now finds itself outside the membrane (cell wall) of the cells which contain liquid; and between these two a similar process of exchange takes place: the cell gets new food, and gets rid of wasted material.

We here reach the final stage of the long history of cooking and digesting. All those manifold efforts and stratagems by which food is

first secured, then prepared by the elaborate ingenuity of cooks, then digested by the elaborate machinery of the digestive apparatus, and then conveyed to various organs by the wondrous machinery of the circulation—are set going to bring a little liquid into contact with the delicate membrane of a cell, visible only under the magnifying powers of the microscope. Every organ of the body is composed of millions upon millions of these cells, every one of which lives its separate life, and must be separately fed. To feed it, thousands of men dig and plough, sow and reap, hunt and fish, rear cattle and slaughter them; thousands act as mere agents and carriers of the food; thousands as cooks; and each has to satisfy the clamorous demands of his own hungry cells. The simpler plants floating in water, or the simple parasites living in the liquids of other animals, feed without this bother and this preparation. The higher organisms have to devote their energies to secure and to prepare their food, because their simple cells cannot secure it, and must have it. In man, self-indulgence and indolence often weaken the digestive machinery, which has therefore to be stimulated into activity by condiments, by flavours, and by mental exhilaration: his meal becomes a banquet. The stimulus of feal excitement, the laugh and conversation of a joyous dinner, spur the lazy organs of digestion, and enable men to master food, which if eaten in solitude, silence, or sorrow, would lie a heavy lump on the stomach. Eating seems a simple process, until a long experience has taught us its complexity. Food seems a very simple thing, till science reveals its metamorphoses.

#### A PARCEL OF PREACHERS.

THERE are, perhaps, no countries in the known world so fond of religious excitement as England and America. The phrase "religious excitement" being here used as comprehending not only revivals and other convulsive exhibitions of that nature, but the headlong following of preachers who, either by their religious writings or by their sermons, or both, attract great numbers of disciples, both in person and pocket. The causes of such success are numerous; foremost among them may unquestionably be set down the intolerable dullness of regular sermons, which, in respect of composition, and in respect of delivery, are for the most part the very worst discourses known to mankind. It must also be taken into account that the irregular preacher generally preaches extempore, and that there is a strong inherent disposition in the Saxon race to listen to speeches; then, his discourse is of a fierce-flavoured, strong, and fiery kind, and it was to Garrick alone who was best pleased by the highest pepperer; then, the congregations of eccentric preachers are not under the usual restraints, but may take an active part in the proceedings, and give vent to their feelings by groanings, moanings—and even sometimes occasional rollings on the chapel floor—and many

other like demonstrations. Again, the sermons of some of these preachers are in parts like a Joe Miller, or Complete Jest Book, comprising many jokes and puns that can be repeated afterwards by the hearers with great success. Finally, it is the custom of these gentlemen to represent themselves as on terms of familiarity with the Deity, which good understanding awakens a strange complacency in the breasts of their admirers, as if they partook in the distinction.

It is the object of the present paper to revive the remembrance of a few popular preachers, deceased. Those who are living speak for themselves; but it is noticeable how closely they model themselves on the dead, and how very little originality is to be found among them.

One of the most remarkable of these was Rowland Hill, sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawkstone. He first began to preach when he was at Cambridge, and he received severe censure from his superiors for going about and preaching in the barns and farm-houses of the villages near the University. When he left Cambridge, and had been ordained, he used to preach, sometimes as often as thrice a day, to large congregations. He used to stock his sermons with queer phrases and odd illustrations, and often amused his congregation with jokes.

On one occasion, when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of seafaring men and fisherwomen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words: "I come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners—yea, to *Wapping* sinners." On another occasion, there came a heavy shower of rain, which compelled several persons to take refuge in the chapel; Hill, remarking this, looked up and said: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella." In 1803, the time of the first grand volunteer movement, he preached to a large congregation of volunteers. Two psalms, of his own composition, were sung on this occasion; one of them was sung before the sermon, to the tune of "God save the King;" the other, after the sermon, to the tune of "Rule Britannia." It began: "When Jesus first at Heaven's command."

Hill was earnest in manner, and imposing in appearance. He was very tall, and had a loud sonorous voice; he would seem to have been a modest man, and to have particularly objected to being considered an enthusiast. Preaching once at Wotton, he said, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill, I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below at a distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me enthusiast then, and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud on

them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, sinner, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on thee aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before thee in the Gospel of Christ Jesus."

William Huntington, the coalheaver, was a strong contrast to Rowland Hill, and was immeasurably inferior to that really remarkable man in every respect. Huntington was born in the Weald of Kent; his father was a day labourer, earning seven or eight shillings a week. Huntington, in his published sermons, tells several anecdotes of his childhood, one of which shows his inordinate conceit and vanity. He had a great desire to go as errand-boy into the service of a certain Squire Cooke; but the squire already had an errand-boy, with whom he was very well satisfied. Huntington bethinking himself that if all things were possible with God, it was possible for the Almighty to send him into Squire Cooke's service, and procure the discharge of this unfortunate boy, asked the Almighty in an "extempore way" (his own words) "to give him that boy's place;" and made many promises how good he would be if this request were granted. Some time after a man came to his house, and told him that Squire Cooke's boy had been turned away for theft, and advised him to go and apply for the place. He did so, and (as a matter of course) obtained the situation. The inference that the theft was committed for Huntington's special behoof through Divine interposition, is very shocking.

On another occasion when this favoured gentleman was older, he was again in want of a situation; a part of his history which appears to us to be highly probable. He was informed that a certain Squire Pool, of Charren in Kent, was in want of a servant. He went after the place, and, on the way, he prayed God to grant him the situation. When he arrived at the gentleman's house, he found a servant in the parlour, with whom the gentleman had partly agreed; but the squire immediately broke off with this man when he saw Huntington (very much to his subsequent regret, we have no doubt), and engaged that lump of conceit. Huntington ascribed this, of course, to the great influence of his prayers, and the high regard in which the Almighty held him. He soon left this situation, too (through a want of appreciation on the part of sinners), and tried to set up as a cobbler; failing that, as a gardener. He obtained a gardener's situation, and lost it (so he says) for refusing to work on Sundays; he then became reduced to the necessity of labouring as a coalheaver, and began to preach in earnest.

Huntington used generally to preach at Woking; but he also visited his friends, and preached in their houses. In his sermons, *The Bank of Faith, and God, the Guardian of the Poor*, printed with an account of his life, he mentions, as an instance of the Lord's care for him, that he had ordered a box of clothes to be left at the Star Inn, at Maidstone in Kent, and that he went for it with only a shilling

in his pocket. When he arrived at Maidstone he found that the box had been sent on by the carrier, so he had to go back again without it. He had spent his shilling, was very hungry and tired, and began to think that if he had faith and prayed, he might have anything he wanted. Just then, the thought seized him that he would go out of the footpath into the horse-road; he did so, and instantly saw a sixpence lying in the road, and, a little further on, a shilling. He attributed his finding these, to the regard the Lord had for him, and to the effect of his prayers, and to his great faith.

On another occasion, a heavy fall of snow threw him out of work. In the night he prayed the Lord to send the snow away. When he got up next morning, he found it all melted. No doubt, if he had lived in the last great frost, he would have procured a thaw immediately.

Some of this man's printed sermons are very ludicrous. In one of them, he relates that, being greatly in want of a pair of leather breeches, he prayed very earnestly to God for this favour. He went to London to get a pair on credit at a shop belonging to one of his friends. Not finding the shop, he called on another friend of his, a shoemaker, who told him that a parcel had been left there for him. He opened the parcel, and found that it contained a pair of leather breeches, which fitted him perfectly, although he had never been measured for them. In a letter he wrote to the unknown donor, he declared that God must not only have put it into the heart of that charitable personage to send him a pair of breeches, but must also have given him his (Huntington's) exact measure.

One Sunday, as he was rising early to go to Moulsey to hear a popular preacher who was coming to preach there, there came a voice which he both heard and felt, saying, "You must preach out of doors to-day, and you must preach from this text: 'Go therefore into the highways, and as many as ye find, bid to the marriage.'" He went to the meeting. The preacher did not make his appearance, and Huntington got up and preached with such effect, that a young widow fell down in a fit caused by "violent convictions," and was obliged to have a blister applied to her head. We strongly recommend this remedy for general adoption in similar cases.

At the latter part of his life, Huntington preached several sermons, which were afterwards printed separately. Among them is *The Coalheaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats*. In one of these compositions he says, in reference to a gentleman having made him a present of ten guineas, "I found God's promises to be the Christian's bank-notes; and a living faith will always draw on the Divine Banker; yea, and the spirit of prayer and the deep sense of want will give an heir of promise a filial boldness at the inexhaustible bank of heaven." He was also in the habit of calling the Almighty his Bank, his Banker, and his blessed Overseer.

A very different man from Huntington was the Rev. William Dodd, LL.D. He is repre-



sented to have been a man of elegant manners and refined tastes; a lover of literature and a poet. Perhaps he was all these—an indifferent poet he certainly was. He was born in the year 1729, at Bourne in Lincolnshire. He was sent to Cambridge at an early age, and, in the year 1755, produced a translation of The Hymns of Callimachus, translated from the Greek into English verse, with explanatory notes, with the select Epigrams and other Poems of the same author, Six Hymns of Orpheus, and The Encomium of Ptolemy, by Theocritus. In the same year he wrote several sermons full of Christian precepts and religious sentiments. He greatly interested himself in public charities, and subscribed large sums of money towards the founding of the Magdalen Hospital. He preached two or three times at Magdalen House before Prince Edward. Thus he became acquainted with Lord Chesterfield, who was so pleased with him that he confided to him the education of his eldest son. Dodd bought a house in Southampton-row, where he lived in a sumptuous manner. Wishing to obtain the living of St. George's, Hanover-square, he endeavoured to get it by offering a bribe to the Lord Chancellor. An anonymous letter was also sent to Lady Chesterfield, offering a sum of money if she would procure Dr. Dodd the same living. It was discovered that the letter must have been written by Dodd himself, although he tried to throw all the blame on his wife; but this was not credited, and falling into disfavour, his name was ordered to be struck off the list of Royal chaplains. To regain his lost reputation, he subscribed more liberally than ever to schools and charities; but continued to live so extravagantly, that at last he was afraid to go out of his house lest he should be arrested for debt. However, being severely pressed by his creditors, he became desperate, and forged the name of Lord Chesterfield to a bond for four thousand two hundred pounds. The forgery was discovered, and he was arrested—taken from a gay convivial party—and committed to Wood-street Compter. Public sympathy was lavished on him in the most absurd manner; everybody talked of “the unfortunate Dr. Dodd;” and the following verses, supposed to have been written by himself, appeared in all the newspapers:

Amidst confinement's miserable gloom,  
Midst the lone horrors of this wretched room,  
What comforts, gracious Heaven! dost thou bestow  
To sooth my sorrows, and console my woe?  
A wife beyond the first of woman kind,  
Tender, attached, and e'en to death resigned.  
Dear youthful friends, in life's ingenuous hour  
As children zealous, to exert each power;  
Men skilled in wisdom's most sagacious lore,  
Solicitous to aid, to save—restore!  
Lawyers and counsellors, without a fee,  
Studious to guide, direct, and set me free!  
Nay—from the men I falsely deemed my foes,  
The ready offer of all service flows,  
While gratitude in guise unknown draws nigh,  
Says “I was kind,” and tenders his supply!  
Above the rest, my keepers, soothed to grief,

With sympathetic pity give relief;  
Treat as a guest the sufferer they revere,  
And make it even tranquil to be here.  
Great God of mercy! if amidst my woes  
A stream of such peculiar comfort flows;  
Flows full, flows only from thy care divine.  
May I not humbly, firmly, Lord, resign!  
And trust the issue to thy care alone?  
Yes, Lord, I trust, “Oh, may thy will be done!”

This “revered sufferer” also had the coolness to insert the following letter in the principal newspapers: it is written quite as of course, and more with the air of an injured innocent than with that of a squandering, unprincipled forger.

Dr. Dodd begs leave to present his most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to those many sympathising friends who have been so kind as to think of him in his distresses, and to assure them, that though his mind was too much engaged and agitated with necessary and important business during his confinement in Wood-street, to admit the kind favour of their proffered visits, he shall now be happy, at any time, to receive their friendly and Christian consolation.

Perfectly at ease with respect to his fate, and thoroughly resigned to the will of God, he cannot but feel a complacency in the striking humanity which he has experienced; and while he most earnestly entreats a continuance and increase of that “spirit of prayer, which he is told is poured forth for him,” he cannot omit to assure all those who, by letter or otherwise, have expressed their solicitude on his behalf, that, conscious of the purity of his intention from any purpose to do injury, and happy in the full proof of that intention, by having done no injury to any man in respect to this unfortunate prosecution, he fully reposes himself on the mercies of his God, and has not a wish to live or die, but as life or death may tend to the glory of that God, and the good of mankind.

February 27th, 1777.

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death; his fate created a great sensation among all classes. The lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, got up petitions beseeching commutation of the sentence, and a monster petition, thirty-seven yards long and signed by twenty-three thousand persons, was presented with the same object. A young man named Joseph Harris, convicted of highway robbery, was sentenced to die with him; but the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons, did not present any petition praying for commutation of the younger and probably less culpable offender's sentence, nor was a single quarter of a yard of public sympathy unfolded in his behalf. However, the lord mayor, his sagacious brethren, and the thirty-seven yards of paper and the twenty-three thousand signatures, could not save Dr. Dodd. He was hanged with the low, unclassical, and altogether inelegant Joseph Harris.

Orator Henley, another well-known preacher, was a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his abilities and perseverance. When twenty-two years of age, he wrote a poem, entitled Esther, Queen of Persia; when he left Cambridge he began to

practise theatrical attitudes in his sermons, affected oratory, and intoned his voice. Growing impatient from disappointment, he founded his "Oratory." The building is thus described in a contemporary print:—"The place that Orator Henley pitched upon for his Oratory is very remarkable and befitting his noble institution: being a sort of wooden booth built on the shambles in Newport-market, near Leicester-fields, formerly used as a temporary meeting-house of a Calvinistical congregation."

Henley set himself up as a rival to the Universities and the Church; indeed, he had some thoughts of forming a little project for the abolition of the universities and the overthrow of the Church. He boasted "he would teach more in one year than schools and universities did in five, and could write and study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouched by the yoke, as if he had never borne it." Disraeli relates that Henley was in his youth extremely modest, unaffected, and temperate—qualities which he certainly did not retain as he grew older, for he burst into the wildest indulgences, and his bombast and self-conceit were absolutely wonderful. His pulpit was covered with black cloth, embroidered with gold; his creeds, vulgates, and liturgies were printed in red and black; he struck medals which he dispensed to his admirers, representing a sun near the meridian, with the motto *Ad Summa*, and the inscription, *Inveniam viam aut faciam* (I will find a way or make it). His sarcasm is considered to have been keen, and he "went in" for brilliant jokes in his sermons. He was a great enemy of Pope, whose satire on him is well known:

Embrowned with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,  
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands,  
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!  
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!  
Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,  
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain.  
Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,  
Preacher at once and Zany of thy age!

He usually chose a text from the Old or New Testament, and adapted it to the topics of the day, or to a satire on persons personally obnoxious to him; but sometimes his discourses resembled a kind of general oration rather than a sermon. His manuscript sermons are preserved in the library at the Guildhall, London; his handwriting is very irregular, and some of the sermons are so much erased and blotted that it is not easy to decipher them. We see from his sermons that he was a good scholar.

One of his Orations, preached October 21, 1730, is entitled, "A Sober Enquiry into the History and Adventures of Whittington and Hys Cat." The text chosen for this discourse was, "A cat may look at a king" (English Proverb). It is chiefly a satire on governments and the Church. He tells the story of Whittington and his cat, and in pointed satire likens cats to the magistrates and judges. "A cat is a creature extremely political; it does indeed, like other civil magistrates, look not only grave but sleepy;

but when it winketh, little knows the mouse what it thinketh." The next paragraph is a satire on the Church. He says: "There is no mention of *cats* in the Scripture; mice are there spoken of, therefore Church mice are common, but many of them are poor, for the Church cats, pretending only to play with them, starve the mice." The rest consists of satires on the topics of the day, which would not interest the reader now-a-days.

Henley sometimes prayed in a devout and impressive manner, but sometimes his prayers were ludicrous and even blasphemous. In one of his sermons, discoursing of the peoples who would be damned, he prayed that the Dutch might be "undamned." In another of his sermons, he undertook to prove that the petticoat was worn by the ancients, and, in corroboration, quoted that chapter of the Old Testament in which Samuel's mother is said to have made him "a little coat"—obviously a "petticoat." He usually hired a body of strong men to attend his sermons and dispose of anybody inclined to discuss a point with him; but on one occasion, having challenged any two Oxonians to argue with him on the superiority of his doctrines and teaching over those of the Church and the Universities, two Oxonians appeared, attended by a larger body of prize-fighters than he was provided with, and he slunk away by the back door.

He had on all occasions a particular aversion to the bishops; in a sermon preached September 6, 1741, entitled, "The present war of the world in religion and nations," he says: "It might have been presumed, when Christ came, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptiser, one God and Father of All, that we might have been blessed with unity. Quite the reverse. Peter, who denies his Lord with cursing and swearing, was the first who drew the sword; then quarrelled with Paul, and bequeathed his spirit to bishops, who quarrel with all that think differently from them." He might not have said this with the less reason, if he had lived in the edifying days of "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS." He was very fond of styling himself a "Rationalist." On his death-bed the last words he uttered were, "Let my notorious enemies know I die a Rationalist." With this important piece of information for the confusion of his enemies, we leave Orator Henley and the subject.

#### ADOLFUS, DUKE OF GUELTERS.

FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

ADOLFUS, Duke of Guelters, having died,  
Was laid in state for men to see. Priests vied  
With soldiers, which the most should honour him.  
Borne on broad shoulders through the streets, with  
hymn

And martial music, the dead Duke at last  
Reach'd Tournay. There they laid him in the vast  
Cathedral, where perpetual twilight dwells,  
Misty with scents from silver thuribles;  
Since it seems fitting that, where dead kings sleep,  
The sacred air, by pious aids, should keep  
A certain indistinctness faint and fine,  
To awe the vulgar mind, and with divine

\* The Historical Register for 1726.

Solemnities of silence, and soft glooms,  
Inspire due reverence around royal tombs.  
So, in the great Cathedral, grand, he lay.

The Duke had gain'd his Dukedom in this way:  
Once, on a winter night, . . . these things were written  
Four centuries ago, when men, frost-bitten,  
Blew on their nails, and curst, to warm their blood,  
The times, the taxes, and what else they could, . . .  
A hungry, bleak night sky, with frosty fires  
Hung hard, and clipt with cold the chilly spires,  
Bent, for some hateful purpose of its own,  
To keep sharp watch upon the little town,  
Which huddled in its shadow, as if there  
'Twas safest, trying to look unaware;  
Earth gave it no assistance, and small cheer  
(Neath that sharp sky, resolved to interfere  
For its affliction), but lockt up her hand,  
Stared fiercely on man's need, and his command  
Rejected, cold as kindness when it cools,  
Or charity in some men's souls. The pools  
And water-courses had become dead streaks  
Of steely ice. The rushes in the creeks  
Stood stiff as iron spikes. The sleety breeze  
Itself had died for lack of aught to tease  
On the gaunt oaks, or pine-trees numb'd and stark.  
All fires were out, and every casement dark  
Along the flinty streets. A famisht mouse,  
Going his rounds in some old dismal house,  
Disconsolate (for since the last new tax  
The mice began to gnaw each other's backs),  
Seem'd the sole creature stirring; save, perchance  
(With steel glove slowly freezing to his lance),  
A sullen watchman, half asleep, who stept  
About the turret where the old Duke slept.

The young Duke, whom a waking thought, not new,  
Had held from sleeping, the last night or two,  
Consider'd he should sleep the better there,  
Provided that the old Duke slept elsewhere.  
Therefore, . . . about four hundred years ago,  
This point was settled by the young Duke so, . . .  
Adolfus (the last Duke of Egmont's race  
Who reign'd in Guelders, after whom the place  
Lapsed into the Burgundian line) put on  
His surcoat, buckled fast his habergeon,  
Went clinking up that turret stairway, came  
To the turret chamber, whose dim taper flame  
The gust that enter'd with him soon smote dead,  
And found his father, sleeping in his bed  
As sound as, just four hundred years ago,  
Good Dukes and Kings were wont to sleep, you  
know.

A meagre moon, malignant as could be,  
Meanwhile made stealthy light enough to see  
The way by to the bedside, and put out  
A hand, too eager long to grope about  
For what it sought. A moment after that,  
The old Duke, wide awake and shuddering, sat  
Stark upright in the moon; his thin grey hair  
Pluckt out by handfuls; and that stony stare,  
The seal which terror fixes on surprise,  
Widening within the white and filmy eyes  
With which the ghastly father gazed upon  
Strange meanings in the grim face of the son.

The young Duke haled the old Duke by the hair  
Thus, in his nightgear, down the turret stair;  
And made him trot, barefooted, on before  
Himself, who rode a horseback, thro' the frore  
And aching midnight, over frozen wold,  
And icy meer, . . . (that winter, you might hold  
A hundred fairs, and roast a hundred sheep,  
If you could find them, on the ice, so deep

The frost had fixt his floors on driven piles), . . .  
From Grave to Buren, five and twenty miles.  
There in a dungeon, where newts dwell, beneath  
The tower of Buren Castle, until death  
Took him, he linger'd very miserably;  
Some say for months; some, years. Tho' Burgundy  
Summon'd both son and father to appear  
Before him, ere the end of that same year,  
And sought to settle, after mild rebuke,  
Some sort of compromise between the Duke  
And the Duke's father. But it fail'd.

This way

The Duke had gain'd his Dukedom.

At Tournay,

Afterwards, in the foray on that town,  
He fell; and, being a man of much renown,  
And very noble, with befitting state,  
Was royally inter'd within the great  
Cathedral. There, with work of costly stones  
And curious craft, above his ducal bones  
They builded a fair tomb. And over him  
A hundred priests chanted the holy hymn.  
Which being ended, . . . "Our archbishop" (says  
A chronicler, writing about those days)  
"Held a most sweet discourse." . . . And so the  
psalm,  
And silver organ ceasing, in his calm  
And costly tomb they left him; with his face,  
Turn'd ever upward to the altar-place,  
Smiling in marble from the shrine below.

These things were done four hundred years ago,  
Adolfus, Duke of Guelders, in this way  
First having gain'd his Dukedom, as I say.  
After which time, the great Duke Charles the Bold  
Laid hold on Guelders, and kept fast his hold.  
Times change: and with the times too change the  
men.

A hundred years have roll'd away since then.  
I mean, since "Our archbishop" sweetly preach'd  
His sermon on the dead Duke, unimpeach'd  
Of flattery in the fluent phrase that just  
Tinkled the tender moral o'er the dust  
Of greatness, and with flowers of Latin strew'd  
(To edify a reverent multitude)  
The musty surface of the faded theme  
"All flesh is grass: man's days are but a dream."  
A bad dream, surely, sometimes: waking yet  
Too late deferr'd! Such honours to upset,  
Such wrongs to right, such far truths to attain,  
Time, tho' he toils along the road amain,  
Is still behindhand; never quite gets thro'  
The long arrears of work he finds to do.  
You call Time swift? it costs him centuries  
To move the least of human miseries  
Out of the path he treads. You call Time strong?  
He does not dare to smite an obvious wrong  
Aside, until 'tis worn too weak to stand.  
The faint dull pressure of his feeble hand.  
The crazy wrong, and yet how safe it thrives!  
The little lie, and yet how long it lives!  
Meanwhile, I say, a hundred years have roll'd  
O'er the Duke's memory. Now, again behold!

Late gleams of dwindled daylight, glad to go:  
A sullen autumn evening, scowling low  
On Tournay: a fierce sunset, dying down  
In clots of crimson fire, reminds a town  
Of starving, stormy people, how the glare  
Sunk into eyes of agonised despair,  
When placid pastors of the flock of Christ  
Had finish'd roasting their last Calvinist.  
A hot and lurid night is steaming up,  
Like a foul film out of some witch's cup,



That swarms with devils spawn'd from her damn'd charms.

For the red light of burning burgs and farms  
Oozes all round, beneath the lock'd black lids  
Of heaven. Something on the air forbids  
A creature to feel happy, or at rest.  
The night is curs'd, and carries in her breast  
A guilty conscience. Strange, too! since of late  
The Church is busy, putting all things straight,  
And taking comfortable care to keep  
The fold snug, and all prowlers from the sheep.  
To which good end, upon this self-same night,  
A much dismay'd Town Council has thought right  
To set a Guard of Terror round about  
The great Cathedral; fearing lest a rout  
Of these misguided creatures, prone to sin,  
As lately proven, should break rudely in  
There, where Adolfs, Duke of Guelders, and  
Other dead Dukes by whom this happy land  
Was once kept quiet in good times gone by,  
With saints and bishops sleeping quietly,  
Enjoy at last the slumber of the just;  
In marble; mixing not their noble dust  
With common clay of the inferior dead.  
Therefore you hear, with moody measured tread,  
This Guard of Terror going its grim watch,  
Thro' ominous silence. Scarce sufficient match  
However, even for a hundred lean  
Starved wretches, lash'd to madness, having seen  
Somewhat too long, or too unworthily lookt  
Upon, their vile belongings being cookt  
To suit each priestly palate. . . . If to-night  
Those mad dogs slip the muzzle, 'ware their bite!

And so, perchance, the thankless people thought:  
For, as the night wore off, a much-distraught  
And murmurous crowd came thronging wild to where  
I'the market place, each stifled thoroughfare  
Disgorges its pent populace about  
The great Cathedral.

Suddenly, a shout,  
As tho' Hell's brood had broken loose, rockt all  
Heaven's black roof dismal and funereal.  
As when a spark is dropt into a train  
Of nitre, swiftly ran from brain to brain  
A single fiery purpose, and at last  
Exploded, roaring down the vague and vast  
Heart of the shaken city. Then a swell  
Of wrathful faces, irresistible,  
Sweep to the great Cathedral doors; disarm  
The Guard; roar up the hollow nave; and swarm  
Thro' aisle and chancel, fast as locusts sent  
Thro' Egypt's chambers thick and pestilent.

There, such a sight was seen, as now and then  
When half a world goes mad, makes sober men  
In after years, who comfortably sit  
In easy chairs to weigh and ponder it,  
Revise the various theories of mankind,  
Puzzling both others and themselves, to find  
New reasons for unreasonable old wrongs.

Yells, howlings, cursings; grim tumultuous throngs;  
The metamorphoses of mad despair:  
Men with wolves' faces, women with fierce hair  
And frenzied eyes, turn'd furies: over all  
The torchlight tossing in perpetual  
Pulsation of tremendous glare or gloom.  
They climb, they cling from altar-piece and tomb;  
Whilst pickaxe, crowbar, pitchfork, billet, each  
Chance weapon caught within the reckless reach  
Of those whose single will a thousand means  
Subserve to (. . . terrible, wild kings and queens  
Whose sole dominions are despairs . . .), thro' all

The marble monuments majestic  
Go crashing. Basalt, lapis, syenite,  
Porphyry, and pediment, in splinters bright,  
Tumbled with claps of thunder, clattering  
Roll down the dark. The surly sinners sing  
A horrible black santis, so to cheer  
The work in hand. And evermore you hear  
A shout of awful joy, as down goes some  
Three-hundred-years-old treasure. Crowded, come  
To glut the greating bonfire, chalices  
Of gold and silver, copes and cibories,  
Stain'd altar-cloths, spoil'd pictures, ornaments,  
Statues, and broken organ tubes and vents,  
The spoils of generations all destroy'd  
In one wild moment! Possibly grown cloy'd  
And languid, then a lean iconoclast,  
Drooping a sullen eyelid, fell at last  
To reading lazily the letters that  
Ran round the royal tomb on which he sat.  
When (suddenly inspired with some new hate  
To yells, the hollow roofs reverberate  
As tho' the Judgment-Angel pass'd among  
Their rafters, and the great beams clang'd and rung  
Against his griding wing) he shrieks: "Come forth,  
Adolfs, Duke of Guelders! for thy worth  
Should not be hidden." Forthwith, all men shout,  
"Strike, split, crash, dig, and drag the tyrant out!  
Let him be judged!" And from the drowsy, dark,  
Enormous aisles, a hundred echoes bark  
And bellow—"Judged!"

Then those dread lictors all,  
Marching before the magisterial  
Curule of tardy Time, with rod and axe,  
Fall to their work. The cream-white marble cracks,  
The lucid alabaster flies in flakes,  
The iron bindings burst, the brickwork quakes  
Beneath their strokes, and the great stone lid shivers  
With thunder on the pavement. A torch quivers  
Over the yawning vault. The vast crowd draws  
Its breath back hissing. In that sultry pause  
A man o'erstrides the tomb, and drops beneath;  
Another; then another. Still its breath  
The crowd holds, hushful. At the last appears,  
Unravaged by a hundred wicked years,  
Borne on broad shoulders from the tomb to which  
Broad shoulders bore him; coming, in his rich  
Robes of magnificence (by sweating thumbs  
Of savage artisans,—as each one comes  
To stare into his dead face,—smeared and smudged),  
Adolfs, Duke of Guelders, . . . to be Judged!

And then, and there, in that strange judgment-hall,  
As, gathering round their royal criminal,  
Troopt the wild jury, the dead Duke was found  
To be as fresh in face, in flesh as sound,  
As tho' he had been buried yesterday;  
So well the embalmer's work from all decay  
Had kept his royal person. With his great  
Grim truncheon propt on hip, his robe of state  
Heap'd in vast folds his large-built limbs around,  
The Duke lay, looking as in life; and frown'd  
A frown that seem'd as of a living man.  
Meanwhile those judges their assize began.

And, having, in incredibly brief time,  
Decided that in nothing save his crime  
The Duke exceeded mere humanity,  
Free, for the first time, its own cause to try  
So long ignored,—they peeled him, limb by limb,  
Bare of the mingled pomps that mantled him;  
Stript, singed him, stabb'd him, stamp'd upon him,  
smote  
His cheek, and spat upon it, slit his throat,  
Crusht his big brow, and clove his crown, and left

Adolfus, Guelders' last own Duke, bereft  
Of sepulture, and naked, on the floor  
Of the Cathedral; where, six days, or more,  
He rested, rotting. What remain'd indeed,  
After the rats had had their daily feed,  
Of the great Duke, some unknown hand, 'tis said,  
In the town cesspool, last, deposited.

### CENSUS CURIOSITIES.

ON Sunday, the seventh of April, all the people of Great Britain are to be counted; and as much knowledge about us all as can be asked for with a hope of getting it, will be put in the power of men who take thought for the condition of the nation. Every ten years there is such a numbering, and there is effort to make each, as to the facts it yields, more useful to the public than the one before it. Conscientious exactness in making the returns, is, in this matter, the duty that every one owes to his neighbours. The census tells us how many mouths we have to feed, partly tells what we can provide for them, makes known what we all live by, and helps to a knowledge of what must be done by the State to make it easy for us all to live.

More than two thousand years ago, Rome had two magistrates called censors, whose chief duty was to take an estimate—in Latin, *Census*—of the goods of the citizens, and to impose upon each, taxes proportioned to his wealth. They had also authority to “censure” vice and immorality, and to expel an offender against public morals, even from the Senate. The first censors were created two thousand three hundred years ago, when the Senate of Rome observed that the consuls were too busy with foreign war to attend to home politics, and the high responsibility of the office then created caused it to be reserved for men who had passed through the highest grades of magistracy. It was thought overbold in Crassus to aspire to be censor when he had not yet been either consul or prætor. The Roman census, or estimate of population, had regard only to taxation and conscription for the service of the armies. It indicated the number and the respective stations of all free persons, their positions as husbands or wives, fathers or mothers, sons or daughters. The freemen made returns of slaves, cattle, and other property. It need not be said that for the keeping of such a register, the censor had under him an office full of clerks. The Roman had to present himself; he was not visited at his own door and furnished with a census paper to fill up and leave till called for. Every five years the taxable Roman, however poor, omitted the duty of presenting a return of himself, his household, and goods, at the peril of a higher penalty than any now enforced in Europe: namely, the confiscation of himself to slavery. His goods were sold, and he was sold as the possession of the State.

Every five years, when the numbering was done, there was solemn purification, which is, in Latin, *lustrum*; and so *lustrum* came to mean a

period of five years, as it does at this day even in English. The registers of the population, when complete, were deposited in the Temple of the Nymphs.

No speculative use was made of the statistics obtained in a Roman census. They meant money and men, but nothing more, and the defining of property qualification. Men spoke of the senatorial, and there was the equestrian, census; in later times, census dominicate and census duplicate were names of feudal taxes, and this word “cense,” used by old English writers, has become the “cess” of modern rate-payers.

Long before England had a census in the modern sense, the despotisms of the Continent, for aid to their centralised administration and police, had many occasional numberings of districts, provinces, and realms. Of the population of Great Britain there was only a very rough guess to be made; and, indeed, of the population of any part of Europe before the year eighteen hundred, nothing very accurate was known.

It was in the first year of the present century that the first effort was made to take a census of the people of Great Britain. Ireland was not included in that census of eighteen hundred and one. Helped by the zeal of Mr. Rickman, the assistant clerk of the House of Commons, this census proved to be no vain attempt to classify the people roughly as well as to count heads. There was a division into, first, persons chiefly employed in agriculture; secondly, persons chiefly employed in trade; thirdly, persons employed in neither way. But nobody knew clearly, how to class the women, children, and servants; and when in the two next censuses returns of the occupation of the head of each family was asked for, it was in very many instances a question as to who was to be considered the head of this family or that. Our second census, that of eighteen hundred and eleven, made an unsuccessful attempt to include Ireland in the returns. The third census, in 'twenty-one, obtained the population of Ireland; ten years later, came the fourth census, that of 'thirty-one, revised in Ireland three years later, when it was made the basis of a system of national education. In the census of 'forty-one, the use of the Irish constabulary force as a staff of enumerators—and, in 'fifty-one, the additional help of an ordnance survey then nearly complete—brought the statistics of Ireland into better order. In these two censuses, important details of the state of Irish agriculture were secured.

The last of the censuses, that of the year 'fifty-one, was taken on the thirty-first of March: the return being of the population as it lay on the preceding night, with note of the amount and distribution of the church and chapel attendance on the morning of Sunday the thirtieth.

There is no such thing as exact truth to be got by the most carefully devised census. Many returns will be erroneous through stupidity,

some will be erroneous through design; we may be pretty sure, for example, that the holders of overcrowded lodging-houses in the worst part of St. Giles's, and other such town districts, will have an eye to the law in relation to their pockets, and will secure an under-statement of the numbers asleep under their roof. Then there will be errors through necessity. Persons engaged in more than one occupation will return only their leading occupation. Thus, many farmers are at the same time innkeepers, maltsters, millers, even shoemakers and blacksmiths; very many land-proprietors must be returned under other heads, and so forth. But the rough estimate obtained—every man being careful to give the truest return in his power—is accurate enough for any useful purpose. At the last census it appeared that there were, in England and Wales, apart from Ireland and Scotland, about two millions and a half of traders, two million engaged in agriculture, a million and a half occupied in manufactures, a million of servants out of a little more than eight millions of workers: leaving out of account the more than nine million and a half of unclassified women and children. The whole population of England and Wales was at the last census something under eighteen millions.

In fourteen thorough farming counties, such as Bedford, Hertford, Suffolk, it was found that nearly one in two of the grown men were engaged in cultivation of the earth. The county in which the proportion of men engaged in agriculture is the smallest, setting aside London, is Lancashire, where not more than about one man in ten is occupied with agriculture. Fishermen were not found to be very numerous. Penzance was the place at which they bore the greatest proportion to the rest of the community; but even there, not one in ten adult men was a fisherman. At Yarmouth it was only one such man in sixteen who lived by fishing.

Among traders, the bakers yielded curious returns. In many towns and districts every housewife is her own bread-maker. So, we find the proportion of bakers in London (where there were about ten thousand) ten times greater than that in all Wales. In all Wales there were not five hundred bakers; in the Cardigan district there was not one. In proportion to the numbers of the people there are eight bakers in London for every one in Leeds; but confectioners, who live almost wholly in towns, are more favoured by the north than by the south. In proportion, again, to the population, if the number of pastrycooks be a true sign, York eats five times as many tarts as London. Again, illustrative of local reasons for the flourishing of given trades, is the fact that in all Wales there were only fifty greengrocers, while London employed three thousand three hundred and twenty-five. But Wales, as compared with London, contained three times as many millers and maltsters. Of licensed victuallers and beer-shop-keepers, London had only an average proportion. The number, as com-

pared with the rest of the surrounding population, was found to be greatest in purely agricultural, and least in mining districts; greatest in Cambridge, Huntingdon, Hertford; least in Northumberland, Durham, and Cornwall. Brewers abound, and abound most at Burton. There, one adult man in every twenty-three helps to make beer.

As the brewers gather themselves together about Burton, so do the shoemakers throng in Northampton: where one man out of every three makes shoes. In the whole districts including Northampton, Wellingborough, Thrapston, &c., one in five of the men and one in eight of the women are engaged in shoemaking. Next to Northampton comes Stafford, as the shoemakers' own town. In the Stafford district one man in five and one woman in ten lived by shoemaking, and the proportion was high in adjacent places, more especially in Stone and Nantwich. In Norwich, again, one man in ten and one woman in fourteen, make shoes. In London there is a special gathering of shoemakers in Shoreditch and Bethnal-green.

Very remarkable in this way is the straw hat and bonnet making commonwealth of Luton and St. Albans, but especially of Luton, where one woman in every two or three was found to be a straw hat and bonnet maker. Again, there is the noticeable gathering of clothiers in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and of patten and clog makers in Lancashire. As a general rule, it appears that Englishmen are more ready to live with a short supply of tailors than of shoemakers. We need not comment on the fact that nearly half the paper-stainers and paper-hangers of England and Wales live by their trade among the houses of London. And in London there are special trade districts. Cabinet-makers and chairmakers abound most in Shoreditch, Bethnal-green, St. Luke's, Clerkenwell, Pancras, and Marylebone (but the especial seat of chairmakers is the Wycombe district, in Buckinghamshire); organ-builders are most numerous in St. Pancras; leather-workers in Bermondsey, where their actual number is two thousand above the fifty which would be their number if they kept the usual London proportion. We need hardly say that the returns of milliners and washerwomen showed the direct influence of wealth and fashion on these callings. The highest proportion of washerwomen found in any town at the last census, was at Brighton: where every fifteenth woman was a washerwoman. In Bath, of every fifteen women one was a washerwoman, and another a milliner. In North Wales, only one woman in a hundred is a washerwoman. Domestic washing days are the rule. In Leeds there is only one washerwoman among every fifty-two women. In London, of every twenty-two women one earned her living as a washerwoman, and one was a milliner.

Domestic servants form a very large class, and its distribution also corresponded of course to the distribution of wealth. In Bath, one man in sixteen, and a fourth part of all the wo-

men, were in service. In Brighton, the proportion was a little lower. In Cheltenham, the proportion of men-servants was higher—higher even than at Cambridge—but not so high as at Oxford, where nearly a tenth part of the men are in service. In Liverpool, hardly more than one man in a hundred is a servant. In London, taking old and young together, one male in seventeen, and one female in every three or four, live by domestic service. The proportion of men-servants in St. George's, Hanover-square, was a fourth part of the male population of the district. Of men and women together, three in five were servants; three were in waiting upon two. On the other hand, in Bethnal-green only one man in a hundred men, and five or six women in a hundred women, lived in this way. Of the professions in England and Wales (we need say nothing about their distribution), it appeared at the last census that one man in a hundred and eighty was a minister of religion, schoolmasters were in almost the same proportion; but there were not two-thirds of the number of medical practitioners, and of these only one man in two thousand five hundred was a physician. The artist, reckoning together painter and sculptor, proved to be one man in a thousand, or one woman in ten thousand. One man in five thousand was an editor or journalist; one man in ten thousand was an author. In all England and Wales, the whole number of women returned ten years ago as engaged in literature, —a number yielding no appreciable proportion on the entire population—was but one hundred and nine.

These suggestive calculations we draw from some papers founded on the bulky census returns of 'fifty-one, by Mr. T. A. Welton, read lately before the Statistical Society. Curious information is also given in these papers as to the degree of thickness in the peopling of the chiefly agricultural, manufacturing, and mining districts, and the rates at which different parts of the country grew in population during the ten years from census to census. Thus it is found that during the fifty years of which the ten yearly census has taken account, the population has been almost trebled in the twenty principal metal manufacturing districts: while it has increased only eighty per cent, or has not quite doubled, in the rest of the country. In the ten years between the last census and that which preceded it, the increase of population in all England and Wales was rather more than an addition of twelve souls to every hundred. The whole population rose, in round numbers, from sixteen to eighteen millions. So that, for this part of the United Kingdom, we may expect a return of more than twenty millions next month. The rate of increase varied much, as we have said, in different places. In Wilts, there was even decrease. In Cambridge, there was very little more than the average increase. In Durham, the increase was of above twenty-five; in London, nearly of twenty-one on every hundred. London had advanced, and the exact figures are worth giving in this case, from 1,948,417 to

2,362,236. The present population, therefore, may not be many thousands short of three million, for the pace of growth is quickened.

### A VERY LIKELY STORY.

A SPARKLING April morning greeted me, as, after an unbroken absence of thirty years, I set foot once more on English ground, at Deal. Circumstances that seemed fatal to my hopes of future happiness on earth, had induced me, at the age of twenty-five—at which period I had served eight years in the British cavalry—to sever myself from home and country, profession and friends.

I got into the train at Deal. There was only one other passenger in the compartment: a stout middle-aged man, with a rosy good-natured face, and a curious habit of pursing up and then separating his chubby lips, with a kind of smack—as though he were kissing something.

At first, I took this sound as the preliminary to some observation, and turned, with proper politeness, to receive it, but nothing followed. On the contrary, my companion appeared, as we proceeded, to retire more and more into himself. He was immersed in gloomy meditation, the lively, not to say, humorous expression departing utterly from his face, until, at length, to my profound astonishment, he suddenly threw himself back in the corner of the carriage, and burst into tears!

There was something at once touching and absurd in the agitated workings of that jolly face, the quivering of that chubby lip. His emotion increased; he sobbed aloud. It appeared absolutely incumbent on me, his only fellow-traveller, to offer some remark.

"You suffer, sir, I fear," I observed.

"In mind, severely, sir." (He made a manifest effort at self-control.) "I am smack ashamed of myself, I ask your smack pardon. Few things, I may affirm, could have wrung from me an exhibition of smack feeling such as *this*: an emotion strong enough to have engaged the kind and well-meant smack sympathy of a chance companion smack," concluded the traveller.

I murmured some words intended to be consolatory, covered by the rumbling of the train.

"This," resumed my companion, "is the smack Ann—"

He clapped his handkerchief suddenly to his eyes, and again his broad shoulders heaved with the violence of his agitation.

I was not quite certain what he meant by "Ann," and, having nothing to add to my former observations, held my peace.

"Smack," said the traveller, at last; "this is the anniversary of one of the most singular and mysterious events in the annals of English crime (I may add, also, in those of medico-chirurgical science); one, my good smack, sir, that has been the source of much smack suffering to a very old and smack valued friend of mine. And, what is



most remarkable, this very compartment of this very carriage, number one hundred smack and fifty-three, was the scene of the extraordinary occurrence to which I smack refer."

"You interest me extremely," I answered, "and, were not the remembrance apparently too painful, I should be tempted to inquire further."

"So far smack, my dear smack sir, from suffering in the recital, I find it my only real smack comfort," sighed the traveller; "especially when, as in the present instance, I am smack certain of such smack attention."

"You do me only justice, sir; I shall listen with the utmost interest. And I beg you will not spare me the minutest detail," said I, settling myself comfortably in my seat.

"Then here smack goes," rejoined my companion, brightening up with amazing suddenness, and slipping his handkerchief into his pocket.

Thus (for the sake of brevity, I omit the smacks) proceeded his narrative:

"It was, as I have said, the Anniversary of this day, the very dawn of that changeful month which, I have generally observed, however it may end, almost invariably commences with a smile, that two persons took their seats in this identical carriage, number one hundred and fifty-three. The one was a man of sixty-four or five, tall and dignified, his manner and bearing characterised by that kind of languid grace which betokens the highest breeding. He was wrapped in a coat lined with costly furs, and wore a travelling-cap with gold band, from which peeped forth brown and glossy curls, 'the skull that bred them in the sepulchre'—in fact, a wig.

"He was accompanied by a young lady of handsome, but, how shall I characterise them? determined features; large grey, searching eyes; a cold, fixed mouth, as if the teeth within were in a state of continual clench; altogether, a masterful aspect, which, allowing temper to correspond, would induce a person of moderately weak nerves to prefer the society of a fine young panther, and, which, in the present instance, certainly suggested the idea of the old gentleman's being rather in her custody, than in her company. These two were, like ourselves to-day, the only tenants of the compartment.

"The train, sir, proceeded on its way, and, in due course, entered the Long Tunnel; in the middle of which three plate-layers were at the moment engaged in some work or inspection. Their names (you asked for the minutest details) were Michel O'Loughlin, Cornelius Podgerbot, and David Llewellyn Jones. O'Loughlin had a wife and three children; also an aunt, who suffered from rheumatism. But these particulars, though mentioned in deference to your wish, are, in effect, not material to the story.

"The men I speak of, had plenty of notice of the train's approach, and retired, with their torches, into one of the small recesses provided for such occasions. Half an hour later, the three emerged from the tunnel pale and agitated, and, hurrying

to the nearest station, made a most extraordinary statement.

"They affirmed that, at the moment of the train's passing the recess, when, consequently, the glare of their torches fell right upon the passing objects, they beheld an old gentleman and a young lady engaged in a desperate struggle, each making frantic efforts to force the other from the carriage, the door of which swung open.

"No cries could be distinguished in the wild roar of the train, but if any were uttered it was not by the female combatant, whose white resolute face, glowing eyes, and set teeth, were perfectly, though but for an instant, revealed to the horrified witnesses. Her hands were buried in the furs about the neck of her antagonist, much as a tiger might clutch a deer, and the man appeared in the act of succumbing to her superior force. A few yards more, and an object was distinctly seen to fall from the carriage. The door swung to; the train whirled away.

"Hurrying to the spot where the body was seen to fall, the men commenced an eager search; strange to say, nothing could be found! Some spots that looked like blood, were certainly distinguishable on the surface of the rail; some bits of rent fur, a glove; but where was the mangled and disabled body? They examined, as they thought, every square inch up to the tunnel's mouth—perhaps a hundred yards—when one of the party, who had returned a pace or two for closer scrutiny, uttered a sudden shout, which brought the others to his side.

"It was Michael O'Loughlin, who was standing, with his torch uplifted, gazing with starting eyes, like a sly horse, at some object on the ground. It was a woman's foot; a foot, small and delicately moulded, clothed in an open-worked silk stocking, and a purple jean slipper with a rosette. It was set firmly on the earth, protruding, as it were, from the dark, side-wall of the tunnel. Thus, coming suddenly into the light of the torches, it seemed as though the body to which it belonged, concealed within, had put forth its lower extremity in order to trip up the startled searcher.

"'Why, blow me! here is a game!' was the natural comment of Cornelius Podgerbot. 'How ever did she get in there?'

"'Anyhow, it's a pretty little foot as ever I see,' remarked Llewellyn Jones.

"He stooped to touch it, but jumped back in horror, as a man might who had grasped a snake for a twig. It had come away in his hand! Sir, the foot had been out clean off, about three inches above the ankle. No blood was visible; the vessels were clearly exhausted. There was scarcely any stain or discoloration, and the severed organ looked more like an exquisite imitation of nature, than a limb torn with violence from the parent trunk.

"But where was the body? The walls were intact; there was no place of concealment, no excavation where such an object could by any possibility have escaped their scrutiny. After a

few minutes, the first excitement having subsided, a feeling of superstitious horror began to creep over the men. With one accord, as stricken with a sudden fear, they hastened into the outer day.

"Pembroke Station was distant scarcely a mile, and less than ten minutes had elapsed before they were breathlessly recounting what had happened in the ears of the astonished station-master. There was no discrediting their narrative, backed by such a witness as that which one of the party now produced, unrolling it from his handkerchief and neckcloth. It was therefore resolved to telegraph at once to London, requesting that the police might be on the look-out for the train, which would not be due at the terminus for nearly another hour.

"Quickly flashed the warning words along the wire:

"Police—stop—first-class—old gent—fur—brown wig—murder."

"It chanced that, at the moment of the train in question being due, Inspector Gimlett, of the L division, Detective, was leaning idly against the station-rails. His eye, which seemed to sweep in everything, fell upon a tall pale person, in a furred coat and travelling-cap, who descended from a first-class carriage, taking a pinch of snuff.

"The trifling act I have mentioned sufficed to awake Mr. Gimlett's general suspicions. Who on earth, even though active and sure-footed, would select the instant of getting out of a railway carriage hardly come to a stand, for taking a pinch of snuff? The inspector winked at a subordinate near, who directly proffered his assistance to the tall gentleman, and strolled on. A hubbub that had first aroused Mr. Gimlett from his meditations had increased.

"I tell you, fellow, you've mistaken your man!" vociferated a burly individual, who had also a fur collar and a brown wig. 'I'm an alderman. I'm a magistrate. I'm Sir Tibbley Winks, of Aldersgate and Finsbury-square. I'm—'Murder," sir?"

"Very good, Sir Tibbley," said a policeman, who had his hand lightly on the old gentleman's shoulder. 'Perhaps you'd walk into the office for a moment.'

"Office, sir! I'll walk into my own chariot, and nothing else!" bawled the civic dignity. 'There it is—them two bays—a waiting—'

"Stop!" said the steady voice of Inspector Gimlett, who had wrought his way through the throng, irresistible as the instrument whose name he bore. 'This gentleman is Sir Tibbley Winks, the active and worshipful city magistrate. It is altogether a mistake—Sir Tibbley will excuse it—public duty—crowded station—hem! See Sir Tibbley's luggage taken to his carriage instantly. Now, ninety-two, follow me.'

"There appeared to have been some difficulty about cabs, as the tall traveller was still taking pinches of snuff, on the platform, as if he were firing minute guns of distress. Surrounded by

some rather effeminate-looking luggage, and attended by the porter-policeman, he was smiling, indeed, but there was an evident restlessness in the glances he cast on every side, as cab after cab declined his signal to come and take up. With the approach of Mr. Gimlett, however, the unpopularity of the fare disappeared.

"Here, one of you!" cried the inspector.

"Six cabs immediately drew up. He engaged the two first.

"What shall we do with the lady's luggage, sir?" asked Mr. Gimlett, blandly.

"The la-la—" stammered the traveller.

"Silk stockings, and sich?" put in number ninety-two, officiously.

"His inspector rebuked him with a look, and repeated his question.

"The 'lady's,' my good friend?" said the dignified traveller, who had regained his composure; 'I am alone.'

"Very good, sir. Put the gentleman's two bonnet-boxes on the roof, crinoline and parasol on the box, parcel of shawls, satin mantilla, and reticule inside. Heavy baggage in the second cab. Now, sir, all ready, please. If you wish to set this little business straight, off-hand, we can call on the coroner at once, you know, on our way to the—hum—"

"If, by the hum, you mean your confounded station, by all manner of means," said the traveller, 'let us avoid that paradise. Besides, I have the pleasure of knowing the excellent coroner, Mr. Smoothly Slirr; so come along. After you.'

"No, impossible," said the polite inspector, and followed the traveller into the cab; number ninety-two taking charge of the luggage in the other.

"That excellent public officer, Mr. Slirr, occupied a large mansion in the neighbourhood of Russell-square. The day I am speaking of happened to be his birthday, and he was entertaining a party of friends at dinner, when the cab drove up to the door, and Mr. Gimlett sent up his card and that of the traveller.

"In an instant, down rushed Mr. Slirr, his napkin in his hand. He shook hands warmly with the stranger, greeting him by the name of Lovibond, and begged him to alight.

"Mr. Gimlett, who was apparently a little hurt at being overlooked, here interposed, and briefly explained that the main object of their visit was to request the worthy coroner to hold an inquest at once, in order that Sir Charles Lovibond might either proceed to his own residence without further detention, or to the county jail, as the case might be; thus avoiding the preliminary annoyance of appearing before another magistrate, who might worry the applicant with no end of questions, and, very likely, require the attendance of witnesses.

"Mr. Slirr admitted the force of the argument.

"But the jury," he said, pausing; 'we must have a jury, eh, Gimlett?'

"Mr. Gimlett acquiesced in the desirability of adhering to this popular form.

"At this late hour, you see," resumed Mr. Slirr—"Ha! stay. By the most singular good fortune, my dinner-party comprises exactly twelve. They will, I am sure, at my request, suspend politics for five minutes, and form themselves into a friendly little jury."

"The good-natured coroner hastened back to his dining-room, and returned in a minute or so with the intelligence that everything had been comfortably arranged; a jocular resolution having moreover been hastily put and carried, that the intended perquisition should last no longer than the new magnum just brought in."

"But, really, my good sir," I interposed at this point, "your narrative, though of remarkable interest, is hardly, let me observe, consistent with those rules of jurisprudence such as, I faintly remember, prev—"

"Forgive me," interrupted my companion; "you have probably been absent some time from this country, and are consequently not smack aware of the searching and much-needed reforms that have taken place in our civil and smack criminal code."

"Proceed, sir, I beg," said I.

"Mr. Slirr kept covenant with his lively jury. He commenced the proceedings by reminding them that the real—he had nearly said the only duty incumbent upon them—was to respect the feelings of the highly-popular accused: a gentleman society could ill spare, even for the few hours they were about to employ in giving a fresh burnish to his character; so much for that innocent person. He said, emphatically, 'innocent,' for the jury knew, as well as he, the coroner, that everybody *was* innocent, till, *et cetera*.—"Pass the claret, Tipler."—Secondly, he begged to deprecate most earnestly the indulgence of any idle curiosity as to the mere facts of the case, inasmuch as such a proceeding might savour of an uncourteous distrust as to the competency of that superior tribunal which was paid—and very handsomely paid—for looking into this sort of thing.

"A juryman inquired, amidst some disapprobation, where was the body upon which they were, at the moment, allegorically seated?"

"Inspector Gimlett informed the court that the body had not yet come to hand, but that one foot was confidently expected by the train at eight forty-five. Other members might follow.

"A short desultory conversation ensued, which was stopped by the coroner's glancing significantly at the exhausted magnum, and suggesting that they had better consider their verdict. They immediately brought in, Murder.

"Murder, eh?" said the coroner to the foreman. "All right, old fellow. There you are' (he hastily recorded it), 'and here's the thing—am' (giving the warrant to Mr. Gimlett). 'Dine with me to-morrow, Lovibond, after the trial? Devonshire mutton.'

"With the greatest pleasure," replied Sir Charles, and, waving a farewell to the jury, withdrew.

"They drove direct to Oldgate.

"Although the apartment into which Sir Charles was inducted, was, in point of fact, one of the most luxurious in the prison, it so little satisfied his fastidious taste, that, after partaking of some stewed pigeons à la crapandine, and a few glasses of very tolerable Burgundy, he sent for the governor, and inquired how long it was probable he might be detained?"

"The governor replied that the usual weekly assize would be held on Thursday.

"On Thursday! And this was only Monday! And Sir Charles had engaged himself to dinner to-morrow! Could nothing be done to accelerate the dilatory action of the law?"

"The governor felt all the hardship of Sir Charles's position. There was but one remedy—a royal commission. Good thought! The Home Secretary was at that very moment a guest at Windsor. Supposing that the necessary forms could be gone through, and that the judges were in town, the trial might take place to-morrow, at the usual hour. He would at once set the telegraph at work.

"The amiable and zealous governor was as good as his word, and such success attended his well-meant efforts, that everything was settled, the bill was found, and the commission was opened by ten o'clock on the following morning.

"The prisoner, who had passed an excellent night, rose in high good humour, and dressed himself with unusual care. The papers of the previous evening, in second, third, and even fourth editions, had made this remarkable case so widely known, that, long before the opening of the doors, crowds besieged the different entrances.

"The judges (Squall and Rumpus) took their seats with their accustomed punctuality.

"Counsel for the prosecution, learned Attorney-General, assisted by Mr. Bullseye, Q.C., and Mr. Owdyce. Part of the prisoner—Mr. Serjeant Calantine, and Mr. Egbert Bee.

"Mr. Bullseye apologised for the absence of his leader, who was engaged in nine other cases of equal importance with that now about to be submitted to their ludships. He himself had been engaged (at whist) till near six o'clock that morning, but had had abundant opportunity, during breakfast, to look into the case, and found himself in a position to lay five to four with the learned judge (Rumpus) that he landed a verdict safe, before luncheon.

"The court declined the bet, pointing out to Mr. Bullseye the serious public inconvenience that might ensue, should the example be so extensively followed by the prisoner, jury, and others, as to call for the establishment of a regular ring, before the commencement of each case.

"Mr. Bullseye bowed acquiescence, and, resuming his address, called upon the jury to banish from their minds all idea of the case before them. (Three jurors pocketed their fourth editions—three others made a hasty note of the learned



counsel's observation — the foreman simply winked.) It would be but a brief procedure, he might add, not more than a 'foot' in length, but he did not expect them to appreciate his little joke, until they had heard what was to follow. If, by chance, any individual of that useful and talented body, the reporters for the press, were present (a laugh, and tremendous scratching of pens), he would request them to record it, 'a foot.'—Well, to the facts.

"On a lovely evening in early June, nine hundred and seventy years ago, the ancestor of the prisoner at the bar first landed on these shores. That he was a man of humane and gentle character, and refined tastes, is sufficiently proved by the fact that, in those turbulent times, no record exists of his having burned a castle, ravaged a nunnery, or broiled a Jew! Might it not be fairly expected that a man so gracious would be the honoured father of a line of no less scrupulous sons, wags, beaux, statesmen, poets, queen's counsel; men whose ardent love of truth, and hate of blood, would embalm them for ever in the retentive memory of the land their virtues had adorned? Alas! alas!"

"Mr. Bullseye would not detain the jury by tracing, through nearly nine centuries and a half, the history of this remarkable family, but would ask them to look at once at *him*, their miserable descendant, cowering under the glance of the justice he had offended and defied!"

"He would restrain his feelings, which had, for a moment, got the better of him. 'The prisoner, gentlemen, entered the railway station at Deal, purchased two first-class tickets, and, accompanied by a young lady of prepossessing appearance, got into a carriage, assisted in doing so by a porter, to whom, in defiance of the by-laws hanging up before him handsomely framed, he gave a *fourpenny-piece*. I mention this fact as showing that habitual contempt for all legal enactments which cropped out (to use a figurative expression) so fearfully a few minutes later."

"Before leaving, the prisoner desired to purchase a biscuit, and, finding none were to be had, expressed his dissatisfaction in language of considerable strength. This apparently trivial fact is of the highest importance. It will be my duty to prove to you, gentlemen, that the prisoner, on leaving, was in a condition of *extreme hunger*."

"The learned counsel went on to state that, on the train arriving at London-bridge, the young lady alluded to was missing. In the mean time a telegram had been forwarded requesting the apprehension of the prisoner, and this was speedily followed by the arrival of three witnesses, who related what they (the jury) would presently hear, and brought with them a young lady's foot, with silk stocking and brodequin complete. No trace of the body had been discovered! The mutilated remains of the unhappy girl were not to be found in the tunnel whose cavernous depths witnessed this atrocious deed."

They could not have hopped away upon the leg that was left. He had a theory. It was strange! It was startling! But ill would it beseem the wig he wore, should he shrink from the promulgation of *any* theory, no matter how repugnant to common sense, that might serve his client, or possess the very slightest chance of finding credence with a British jury.

"They had all studied natural history. Indulgence in recreative science was a familiar characteristic of that admirable class which poured into the British jury-box its treasures of patriotism, of wisdom, and of wit. This bottle' (holding up a small phial) 'contains a colourless liquid and invisible animalcule. The jury would instantly recognise those curious nomads as members of a deeply-interesting family, the infusoria. They were distinguished by the most complete unanimity of taste and touching harmony of purpose. Their whole time was passed in eating each other."

"Size, in the case of these happily-constructed children of nature, seemed to be of no consequence whatever. A sharp-set individual of the race has been seen to attack and swallow a friend as large as—nay, larger than—himself, and to be none the worse for his repast! They would bear this fact in mind."

"Anthropapagy (Mr. Bullseye continued), properly so called, had not flourished in England for a very considerable period. He believed that there was no absolute record of the practice, since that case in which a gentleman of half-Highland, half-negro extraction—Mr. Alexander (commonly called "Sawney") Bean—cut a very distinguished figure. Time, which, according to the poet, eats all sorts of things (*edax rerum*), has, it must be owned, revolutionised the whole science of gastronomy. But, though it has changed, it has not abolished, innocent and primitive tastes. Horses, and, he believed, donkeys, were eaten in the polished salons of Paris. Was it too much to inquire, if donkeys, why not *men*? Again, let him ask, what becomes of the innumerable letters of the alphabet advertised for day by day, and year by year, yet which never come to hand? 'What, for example, becomes of the friend for whom, in difficulties, you advanced the sum of fifty pounds? Do you ever meet him again? Never. Is he dragged to some suburban shambles and eaten? Is he simply devoured by regret at his own inability to come up to time? Your knowledge of the man precludes the latter theory. Then, by the exhaustive process, it must be the former."

"The learned counsel had little more to add. There was his theory. He did not ask them to accept it. It was theirs, to take or leave. He would conclude by a simple summary of his facts. He had shown:

"1. That the prisoner, on quitting Deal, was almost frantic with hunger.

"2. That the young woman entered the tunnel, and never came out (at least, in her original form).

"3. That Anthropophagy cannot yet be classed

among the many extinct vices of our virtuous land.

"4. That, strange as it may appear, one creature can consume another, bigger than itself, without greater inconvenience than may naturally result from eating an over-hearty dinner.

"He left the matter, with the most complete confidence, to their decision. One word more. The learned judge would, probably, tell them that, should they entertain any doubt, the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of that doubt. He would, however, respectfully suggest that, seeing how often prisoners had enjoyed such pulls, it was high time justice had *her* innings. He claimed the doubt on behalf of the crown.

"Sundry witnesses were then examined, and among others, of course, the three platelayers. At the evidence of the latter the learned judge (Squall) pricked up his ears.

"But, surely, brother Bullseye," said the judge, "your own witnesses contradict your theory! They saw the body flung from the carriage. How then could it have been disposed of in the way you suggest?"

"I do not, my lud," replied Mr. Bullseye, "usually deal in hyperbolic praise; but your ludship will permit me to say that nothing short of your ludship's superhuman penetration, could have so immediately, and with such needle-like precision, touched the one weak point in our case! The witnesses may have been deceived—"

"But, really, your theory"—

"My lud, my lud," responded the learned counsel with some heat, "if your ludship can find a better, I beg you will do so."

"The little skirmish over, the name of Dr. Chipham was called, and that distinguished physician, surgeon, and comparative-anatomist, entered the witness-box, and was examined by Mr. Owdyce.

"After some preliminary questions:

"You have, I believe, Dr. Chipham," said Mr. Owdyce, "expended much inquiry into the prolongation of vitality, under embarrassing circumstances?"

"I have."

"In the pursuit of this investigation, you have experimented upon a large number of living animals?"

"I have."

"May I ask how many?"

"About thirteen thousand."

"Of what species, doctor?"

"Cats, rats, bats, sprats, dogs, frogs, hogs, donkeys, monkeys, bab—"

"Babies, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Justice Squall, hastily.

"—Boons, my lord, racoons, and all the larger and smaller British birds, especially the finch-family," concluded the philosopher.

"What was the usual nature of your experiments?"

"I generally cut off a limb or two, sometimes all."

"In the course of science, you have had occasion to deprive such and such animals of a limb or two, sometimes *all*," repeated Mr. Owdyce, thoughtfully. "Now, sir, let me ask you what effect usually followed?"

"In the case of *one* limb (I speak of quadrupeds)," said the doctor, "lively, but spasmodic, action in the remaining members; *two* limbs, embarrassment in movement, weakness, agitation; *three* limbs, great depression of spirits, accompanied with disinclination to rise; *four* limbs, generally death."

"In respect to the biped—say, for example, the human subject—does your experience enable you to guess, sir, whether an individual deprived of one foot, could hop away on the other?"

"That would depend somewhat on the nervous system, I take it."

"Suppose the case of a delicate young lady?"

"I should say, impossible."

"The witness withdrew."

"The prisoner, who had paid marked attention to the later testimony, and had been observed to glance repeatedly at the judge (Rumpus), as noting the effect of the evidence on the mind of that eminent lawyer, here handed down a slip of paper, which was passed on to his counsel, Mr. Sergeant Calantine. The latter smiled, nodded approvingly, and gave it to his junior, Mr. Egbert Bee, who crammed his handkerchief into his mouth, and bent over his papers, with a suffused brow.

"If," said Mr. Justice Rumpus, "the prisoner desire to make any direct communication to the court, we are ready to hear it."

"Hem," said Mr. Sergeant Calantine, "my lud, hem—"

"Counsel conferred together, and the paper was handed across the table to the attorney-general, who had just come in. A smiling conversation ensued, and the judge, whose curiosity became powerfully excited, again interposed: remarking that, as the paper in question had been submitted to all parties, there could be no possible objection to the court's participation in the 'secret.'

"Now, the slip, in fact, contained a simple, though masterly sketch, in the burlesque style, of the judge himself: full credit being given by the artist to the preponderance of nose and obliquity of vision which characterised the learned man.

"Well, Mr. Attorney," said the latter, impatiently, "is not that document to be handed up?"

"It—it isn't—excuse me, my lud—for your ludship's—hem—eye," said Mr. Attorney.

"My lud, there is an objection on the face of it," added Mr. Sergeant Calantine.

"What is the objection?"

"Your ludship(s) knows," replied the learned serjeant.

"The judge threw himself back in his chair, evidently disappointed, and motioned for the trial to proceed.

"Counsel for the prosecution announced their case complete.

"Mr. Serjeant Calantine rose with a weight upon his shoulders, compared with which, the cathedral church of St. Paul's, the entire National Gallery (the heaviest thing he knew), and he would throw in the clock-tower at Westminster, were as the down upon a gosling's wing! He (the learned serjeant) nevertheless expected to be down upon it, and that in two seconds. The case lay in a nutshell. He would crack it then and there, and much good might the contents do the learned advisers of the crown!

"His learned friend had commenced his address with a florid appeal to the good offices of a body of public gentlemen, of whose presence at his very elbow, to the number of about a hundred and fifty, he affected to be wholly ignorant. If he (the learned serjeant) had correctly analysed the characters of these virtuous men, they were more likely to be disgusted than conciliated by such open adulation. His learned friend had adopted a like impolitic course with regard to the twelve extraordinary men who, at that moment, in that box, fulfilled the most exalted office, majesty excepted, in this realm. To what end the compliments addressed to them? As well expect the pump in Piccadilly to yield Château-Margeaux, Burgundy, Tokay, as a British jury to eliminate aught but coruscations of wisdom, reason, logic, and philosophy. He bowed before that jury. He felt his minuteness. His intellectual being was dwarfed and quailed within him as he regarded those twelve creatures—not, indeed, in their mortal character, men like himself—but as representing an institution, whose colossal head trifled with the stars, and whose feet were rooted in the everlasting birthright of impossible generations! . . .

"He had remarked that the case was in a nutshell. Crack! Here it was. He should repose his triumphant defence on two points alone, either of which was conclusive of the prisoner's innocence. These were, first, the hostile verdict of a coroner's jury; secondly, the indigestible nature of some portions of female attire now unhappily in vogue. On the first point—

"At this moment, another slip of paper was placed before the learned counsel, who read it with some agitation, and glanced uneasily towards the jury.

"Well, brother Calantine?" asked the judge, impatiently.

"Pardon me, my lud," replied the serjeant; "this case is likely to take a singular, and, certainly, unexpected turn. The prisoner desires me to communicate to the court a resolution, which I may perhaps be allowed to give in his own emphatic words—namely, that if, in the present age of the world, a dozen such asses can really be found, as to adopt the theory suggested by my learned friend—he at once coincides with Sir Christopher Hatton's swan—

O, 'tis enough. Come death, now close mine eyes, More geese than swans now live—more fools than wise—

and requests me to throw up my brief."

"Under the conditions stipulated by the prisoner, I put it to you, brother Calantine," said the judge, "can you struggle against a verdict?"

"The learned serjeant threw one mournful glance at the jury, struck his head lightly against that of Mr. Egbert Bee, and then replied that he could not.

"The judge opened his note-book.

"Before addressing myself," he began, in his clear mellifluous tones, "to a summary of this most important case, I feel it painfully incumbent on me to call the attention of the proper officers, to those—I may say—fundamental principles, which contribute to, if they do not actually govern, the due and comfortable administration of justice in this court. I allude to the condition of the armed-chairs on which my brother Squall and I are condemned to sit.

"My brother Squall's seat has not been fresh padded since that excellent, but by no means slender puisne judge, Sir Thomas Blumber, afterwards Lord Heavystone, occupied it. My own chair has knots in the cover, to which those of the native wood would be infinitely preferable, and the constitution of one of the hinder legs is weaker than I could wish."

"He then summed up to the jury, and the foreman, without the ceremony of consulting his colleagues, instantly returned a verdict of—

"Guilty as possible."

"The court remarked that this was not the usual form. It might be taken as implying some uncertainty as to the amount of the prisoner's guilt. It would detract seriously from the rich absurdity of the conclusion at which they had really arrived. Besides, unless they gave implicit credence to the theory, the prisoner's stipulation was not complied with, and the case must be re-heard.

"The foreman replied briskly that, rather than that, he would undertake to return any verdict most agreeable to the court. But, in truth, the jury had no doubt. His expression, 'guilty as possible,' was intended to convey their persuasion of the prisoner's superlative culpability.

"The court was satisfied.

"Mr. Justice Rumpus then proceeded to pronounce a cordial eulogy on the conduct of the prisoner, in saving the time of the court and country. A more gentlemanly and agreeable prisoner it had never been his lot to try! He regretted that no alteration had as yet been made by the legislature with regard to the hour of—hem!—(the prisoner knew to what he referred). It had been fixed thus inconveniently early, from consideration to those numerous parties who, unable to command accommodation at the Magpie and Stump, were compelled to bivouac, during the previous night, under the prison walls. The mornings were still raw and cold, but he trusted the prisoner would wear his worsted muffler, until—until it became necessary to discontinue it.

"The prisoner bowed to the court, shook hands warmly with Mr. Serjeant Calantine, and quitted the dock.

"No sooner had he regained his cell than the governor made his appearance.

"I telegraphed this morning," said the latter, cheerfully, "to our excellent functionary, C., who is absent, professionally, in Kent, and I have no doubt he will arrive in admirable time. What will you have for supper?"

"Sir Charles declined to eat. He had been swallowing carbon all day in that suffocating court, and thought he would lie down for an hour or two.

"Late in the evening the governor returned.

"Here's a dilemma! C. has got the mumps. What on earth are we to do?"

"The prisoner intimated that that was the sheriff's business, not his.

"C. has, indeed, promised to send a substitute; but can we rely upon him, do you think?" asked the perplexed governor.

"Sir Charles replied, that, as a perfect stranger to the gentleman in question, it would not become him to offer an opinion on that point; and, only requesting that he might not be called up to no purpose, he bade the governor good night, and retired to rest.

"It is unnecessary to dwell upon the scenes of that night in the vicinity of Oldgate Jail. The crowd was estimated at about thirty thousand. The wooden barricades with which the police had ingeniously interlaced the entire thoroughfare, answered their purpose so effectually that nearly six hundred ribs were broken before midnight.

"As the hour of eight approached, the excitement became terrific. It was nothing, however, in comparison with the anxiety that possessed the worthy governor, as minute after minute slipped by, and neither C. nor deputy appeared.

"The prisoner, who had been appealed to, to get up, so as to be in readiness when wanted, positively declined. The governor was still engaged in mild expostulation with him, when a warder rushed in and announced that the deputy had actually driven up to the prison-gate. But, in the act of passing from the cab to the interior of the jail, his heart had failed him. He had dived among the crowd, and disappeared. The mob was becoming impatient. There was every prospect of a disturbance. It wanted but a minute and a half of the time. Here was the prisoner still comfortably in bed. There were but two courses to pursue. Reprieve, or execution. Under the pressure of circumstances, the excellent governor resolved to strain a point, and discharge the prisoner on his own responsibility.

"Sir Charles at once assented. The crowd dispersed, with a few groans; a fight or two, in which the police lightly intermingled, consoling them; in some degree, for the disappointment. The prisoner rose, dressed, and in half an hour was seated at breakfast at an hotel in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, perusing, in the Morning Anticipator, an accurate and circumstantial

account (printed overnight) of his own trial, conviction, final deportment, execution, and posthumous confession.

"He had scarcely finished, when a carriage dashed up to the door. Next minute, a young lady, flying into the room, threw herself into his arms.

"My dear, dear, odd uncle! What is all this? What have you been doing?"

"My still dearer, and at least equally eccentric niece, taking pleasure, in a manner suggested by yourself."

"By me?"

"When it pleased you to jump out of the train, before it had stopped, at Caterham, and to rush off in search of your model (dropped, no doubt, out of the carriage in the tunnel, when you struggled to prevent my leaning out to secure that door)—when, I say, you left me thus, alone with your women's fiddlers, an odd idea occurred to me. Had any accident happened to you, you wild thing, I might be accused of your murder! It was, really, rather to my amusement than surprise, that, on reaching London, I found such a suspicion absolutely on foot. But, never did I imagine that that exquisite work of art—that foot, almost as perfect, save for its want of actual flesh and blood—as that which supplied the model—"

"Nonsense, uncle."

"Would rise up in witness against me!"

"But what is this about eating?"

"My love, what's the day of the month?"

"The third of April."

"Then the day before yesterday was the First of April."

"And, my dear sir," added my travelling companion, "seeing that we have reached the smack station, that this is the anniversary of the smack day to which I have alluded—that is to say, the smack FIRST DAY OF APRIL—and that, being past the meridian, the hour of foolery has expired, I beg to thank smack you for your kind attention, and to wish you a very smack good morning."

#### MR. CHARLES DICKENS

Will read on THURSDAY EVENING, March 28th, at St. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly, his

#### CHRISTMAS CAROL AND THE TRIAL FROM PICKWICK.

The Reading will commence at Eight, and conclude about Ten o'clock.

On WEDNESDAY, 27th March, was published, price 5s. 6d., bound in cloth,

#### THE FOURTH VOLUME

#### OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Containing from Nos. 77 to 100, both inclusive, and the Extra Double Number for Christmas.

The preceding Volumes are always to be had.

*The right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.*